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April 6, 1974

Saturday Review World

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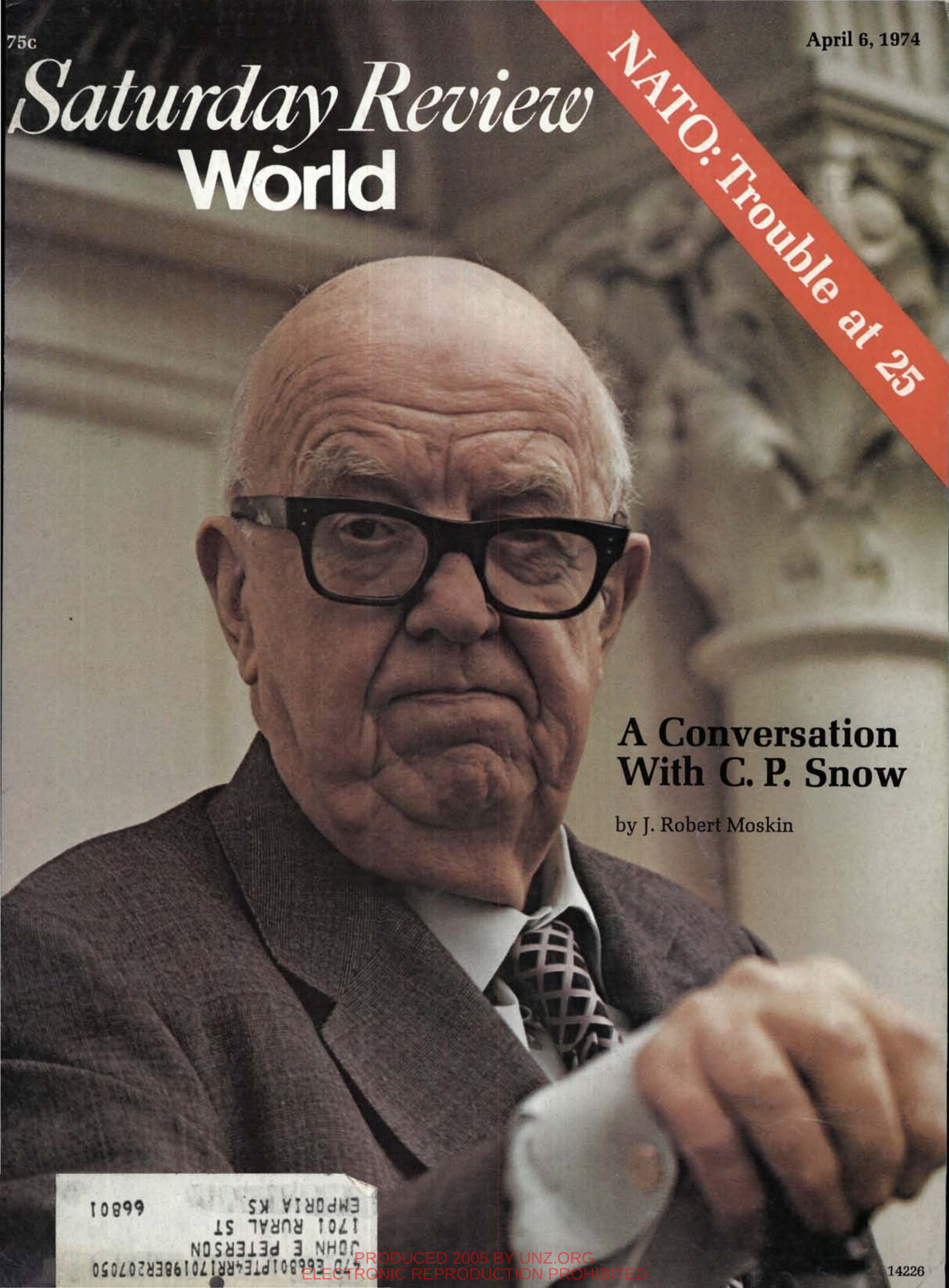

A Conversation With C. P. Snow

by J. Robert Moskin

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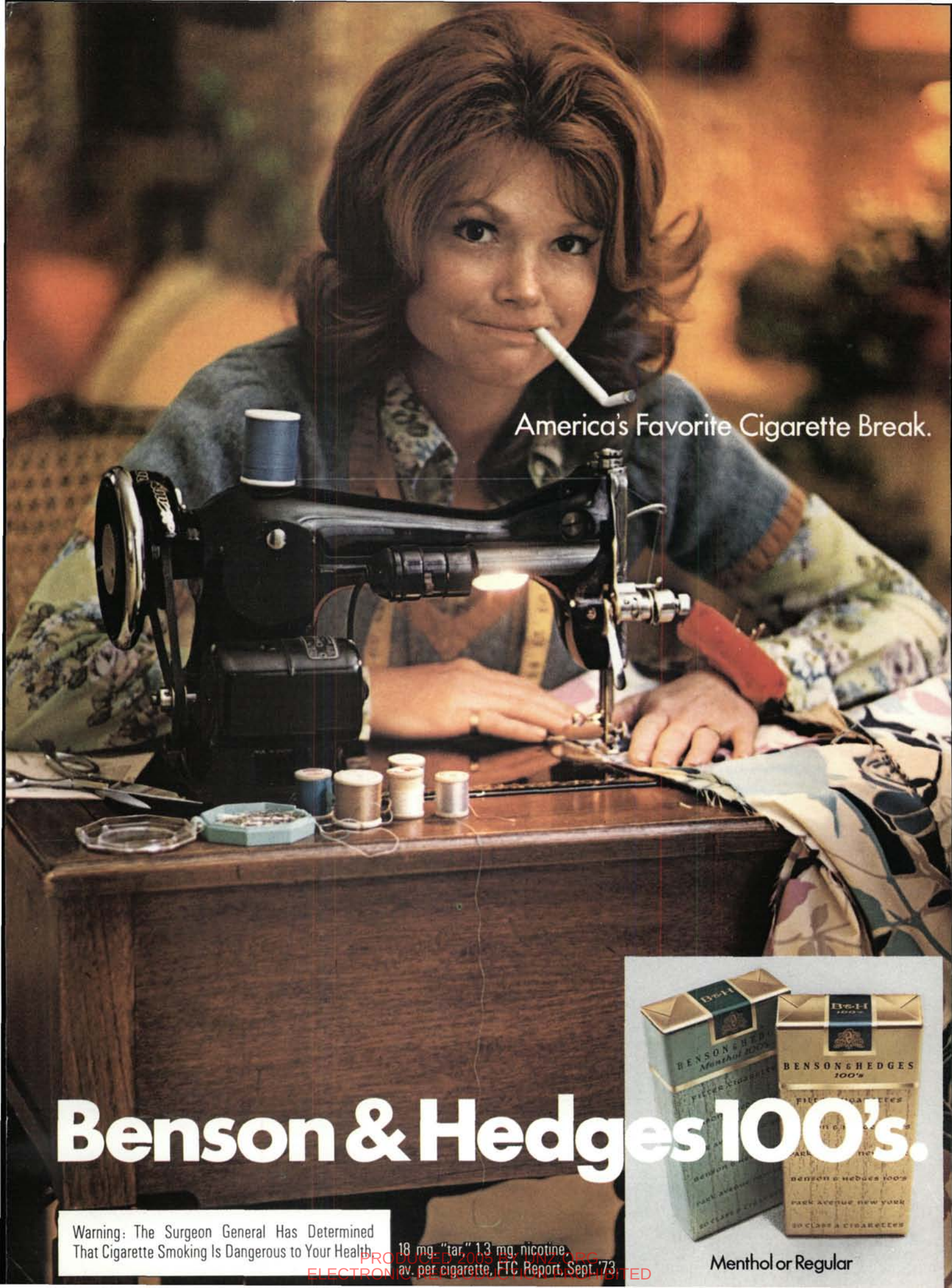
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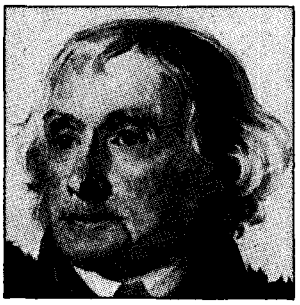

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The Lazy Man's Way to Riches

'Most People Are Too Busy Earning a Living to Make Any Money'

I used to work hard. The 18-hour days. The 7-day weeks.

But I didn't start making big money until I did less—a *lot* less.

For example, this ad took about 2 hours to write. With a little luck, it should earn me 50, maybe a hundred thousand dollars.

What's more, I'm going to ask you to send me 10 dollars for something that'll cost me no more than 50 cents. And I'll try to make it so irresistible that you'd be a darned fool not to do it.

After all, why should you care if I make $9.50 profit if I can show you how to make a *lot* more?

What if I'm so sure that you *will* make money my Lazy Man's Way that I'll make you the world's most unusual guarantee?

And here it is: I won't even cash your check or money order for 31 days *after* I've sent you my material.

That'll give you plenty of time to get it, look it over, try it out.

If you don't agree that it's worth *at least a hundred times* what you invested, send it back. Your *uncashed* check or money order will be put in the return mail.

The only reason I won't send it to you and bill you or send it C.O.D. is because both these methods involve more time and money.

And I'm already going to give you the biggest bargain of your life.

Because I'm going to tell you what it took me 11 years to perfect: How to make money the Lazy Man's Way.

O.K.—now I have to brag a little. I don't mind it. And it's necessary—to prove that sending me 10 dollars... which I'll keep "in escrow" until you're satisfied... is the smartest thing you ever did.

I live in a home that's worth $100,000. I know it is, because I turned down an offer for that much. My mortgage is less than half that, and the only reason I haven't paid it off is because my Tax Accountant says I'd be an idiot.

My "office," about a mile and a half from my home, is right on the beach. My view is so breathtaking that most people comment that they don't see how I get any work done. But I do enough. About 6 hours a day, 8 or 9 months a year.

The rest of the time we spend at our mountain "cabin." I paid $30,000 for it—cash.

I have 2 boats and a Cadillac. All paid for.

We have stocks, bonds, investments, cash in the bank. But the most important thing I have is priceless: time with my family.

And I'll show you just how I did it—the Lazy Man's Way—a secret I've shared with just a few friends 'til now.

It doesn't require "education." I'm a high school graduate.

It doesn't require "capital." When I started out, I was so deep in debt that a lawyer friend advised bankruptcy as the only way out. He was wrong. We paid off our debts and, outside of the mortgage, don't owe a cent to any man.

It doesn't require "luck." I've had more than my share, but I'm not promising you that you'll make as much money as I have. And you may do better; I personally know one man who used these principles, worked hard, and made 11 million dollars in 8 years. But money isn't everything.

It doesn't require "talent." Just enough brains to know what to look for. And I'll tell you that.

It doesn't require "youth." One woman I worked with is over 70. She's travelled the world over, making all the money she needs, doing only what I taught her.

It doesn't require "experience." A widow in Chicago has been averaging $25,000 a year for the past 5 years, using my methods.

What *does* it require? Belief. Enough to take a chance. Enough to absorb what I'll send you. Enough to put the principles into *action*. If you do just that—nothing more, nothing less—the results *will* be hard to believe. Remember—I guarantee it.

You don't have to give up your job. But you may soon be making so much money that you'll be able to. Once again—I guarantee it.

The wisest man I ever knew told me something I never forgot: "Most people are too busy earning a living to make any money."

Don't take as long as I did to find out he was right.

I'll prove it to you, if you'll send in the coupon now. I'm not asking you to "believe" me. Just try it. If I'm wrong, all you've lost is a couple of minutes and a postage stamp. But what if I'm right?

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If I return your material—for *any* reason—within that time, return my *uncashed* check or money order to me. On that basis, here's my ten dollars.

☐ Please send Air Mail. I'm enclosing an extra dollar.

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A New Look at Welfare

To most Americans *welfare* is a dirty word. It connotes wangling and weaseling for public dollars. It has been made to seem that our welfare system is somehow at odds with the national character. This attitude unquestionably reflects the American tradition—in most respects a sound one—that people should look after themselves. We tend, however, to take a stereotyped view of welfare as a system in which lazy loafers who refuse to work are supported by those who do. Naturally, everyone dislikes paying hard-earned money for taxes that maintain spurious projects.

Europeans, from the time of Bismarck in the mid-nineteenth century, have accepted the ultimate responsibility of the State for the well-being of its people. Americans, I believe, see the magnitude and complexity of the welfare problem, but many tend to look at welfare astigmatically, distortedly—from one side only.

Like everyone else, I naturally oppose giving welfare to those who don't need it and to those who refuse to work. With 25 million Americans living below the official "poverty level," and unemployment at 5.2 percent in January and going up—it is not surprising that at last report, 14,700,000 Americans were receiving $1,782,000,000 a month in welfare. Of those, however, 73 percent comprised the aged, the infirm, and dependent children. But I also question severely the easy assumption that many able-bodied people prefer idleness to work. A few years ago this question was investigated thoroughly by a blue-ribbon Commission on Income Maintenance Programs, chaired by a hard-headed Chicago industrialist, Ben Heineman. The Heineman panel concluded that people do work if the opportunity is available. Apart from the few unfortunate misfits of modern society, when able-bodied people are not working, the reason is usually that they cannot find a job.

Cheating is reprehensible, particularly when it's done with public money. However, there is, I believe, a tendency to magnify cheating on welfare. Even though businessmen occasionally cheat on taxes, no one is advocating abolition of the free-enterprise system. Let's eliminate the cheating—but not welfare.

I would like, therefore, to propose another way of looking at welfare. As we seek to improve it, why can't we view it with pride as we would our local United Givers Fund or any other community undertaking that enlists our social zeal? Why don't we think in terms of the indispensable role welfare plays in helping the elderly couple around the corner who have lost their pension through no fault of their own or the mother whose husband has died and who has children to support? Why do we always have to look at it in terms of cheaters? Why can't we take deep satisfaction in being citizens of a country that is compassionately concerned for its people?

Certainly, we must tighten up the regulations. At the same time, however, we must devise a better way than now exists for helping those who *need* help. Setting national standards for welfare levels and for competence in administration is one example. Providing aid to the working poor is another, and it is long overdue. Many who work a full week just don't earn enough to support their families.

It is to President Nixon's credit that early in his first administration he launched a far-reaching welfare-reform program called the Family Assistance Plan. The Committee for Economic Development, a top-level business group, strongly supported the program. The plan provided a $2400 minimum for a family of four, a figure which at that time was exceeded only in the wealthy states. The plan also provided for aid to the working poor. The program passed the House but was defeated by deep-seated opposition in the Senate Banking and Currency Committee. Why? Partly over disagreement on the legitimate issue of work incentives but also because the plan suffered for want of sustained White House interest. One can only hope that the recent introduction of the Federal Supplemental Security Income Program for establishing an income floor for the aged and disabled presages a new interest in welfare by the administration.

Like national defense, welfare should be a matter beyond party. Politics and human suffering don't go together. Welfare is not the beginning but the end of efforts to better the lot of our citizens. We must start with full-employment efforts, an adequate minimum wage, unemployment and health insurance, and social security—which are not gifts but come largely from contributions by employers and employees.

At the same time, let's also decide as a nation that we intend to do the right thing by those who—after all these assists—still need help. And let's decide that in extending such help, we will be generous and will not wince if it's called *welfare.*

GEORGE C. MCGHEE

George C. McGhee is a former U.S. under secretary of state for political affairs, a member of the Committee for Economic Development, subcommittee on poverty and the welfare system, and chairman of the Board of Directors of Saturday Review/World.

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The Controversial Mr. DeVoto

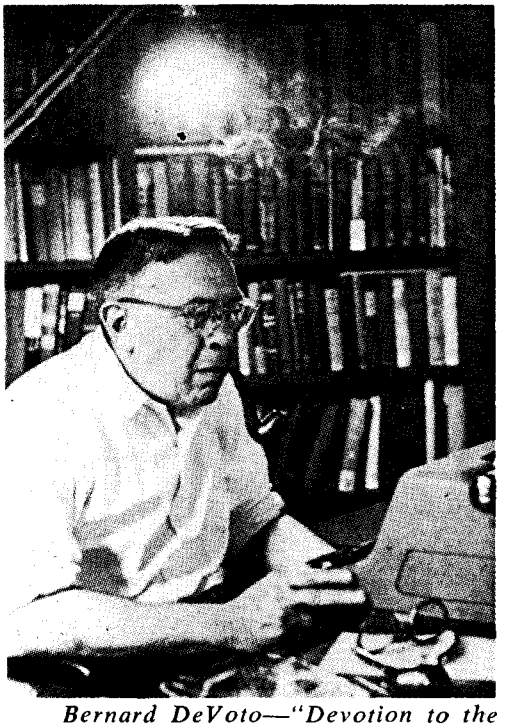
THE UNEASY CHAIR
by Wallace Stegner
Doubleday, 464 pp., $12.50.

Reviewed by N.C.

This review of Wallace Stegner's new biography of Bernard DeVoto appears on the editorial page because it contains personal comments outside the general scope of literary criticism.

The Uneasy Chair is about an enormously vigorous and assertive critic, teacher, and essayist. DeVoto was accomplished as a historian, inadequate as a novelist, erratic as a polemicist. His literary output ranged from mass-magazine potboilers to a definitive work on Mark Twain and the Pulitzer Prize-winning *Across the Wide Missouri*, still a book of choice for anyone with a deep interest in particularized histories of the American West. For sixteen months (1936–38), he was editor of this magazine (then *The Saturday Review of Literature*), and for eighteen years (1937–55), he contributed monthly essays to *Harper's Magazine* under the department title, "The Easy Chair."

Mr. Stegner's title makes explicit the fact that "Benny" DeVoto was often in trouble, generally of his own making. Intellectually, he was primed for instant combat and was morose if his challenge was ignored. Emotionally, he was incapable of coping with rejection or defeat. "He was a fierce competitor," writes Stegner, "but a bad loser."



Bernard DeVoto—"Devotion to the written word and advocate of the American pioneering tradition."

What is most important about Bernard DeVoto is that he was never dull as a writer. His style was as open and gusty as the Utah town of his childhood. If he indulged himself in literary overkill or sometimes went after inappropriate targets, he commanded respect for his devotion to the written word and for his defense of the place of the book in our society. He was a passionate advocate of the American pioneering tradition. These qualities brought him to *The Saturday Review*, where he succeeded Henry Seidel Canby as editor.

I confess that Wallace Stegner's account of how DeVoto came to *SRL* told me some things I had never known. Everything in Stegner's book is so meticulously documented that I accept without question his statement that Dr. Canby was not informed that DeVoto was being offered the editorship. Nor had I known that George Stevens, then managing editor, had proposed DeVoto in a confidential report written for Noble Cathcart, publisher of *SRL*, and Thomas W. Lamont, the principal backer.

According to Stegner, Cathcart and Stevens were concerned about the downward drift of *SRL*. Dr. Canby was heavily involved with his chairmanship of the board of judges of the Book-of-the-Month Club. Stevens was authorized by Cathcart and Lamont to make the approach to DeVoto, whom he had known through the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference in Vermont.

DeVoto informed members of the administration at Harvard, where he was a lecturer but not a fully accredited faculty member, that he had just been offered one of the nation's most prestigious editorial-literary posts. He did not say, however, that he had decided to turn the job down. Instead, he used the offer as a strategic prop for acquiring full faculty tenure at Harvard. This was the station that engaged his deepest ambitions. It would give him equal standing, professionally and socially, with the people he admired most in the world. It would represent the final conquest of the limitations of background that, subconsciously rather than consciously perhaps, he had striven to overcome.

Not only did the attempt to gain full tenure fail; within a few months he was to lose his job at Harvard. President James B. Conant informed him that Harvard had decided against giving him a permanent appointment at full salary. Stegner feels the wording of Dr. Conant's letter was maladroit and insensitive: "I feel I must urge you strongly," Dr. Conant wrote, "to accept the position which you said had been offered to you." DeVoto was furious. Why did Conant have to say "the position which you said had been offered to you"? Why couldn't he simply have referred to the offer as fact?

The job at *The Saturday Review* was still open. In backing into it, DeVoto was at least not unmindful of the possibilities. He wrote to a friend that his new post would probably mean the "dictatorship of literary opinion in the U.S. for the next ten years." He also referred to his conviction that "decent people need a spokesman."

DeVoto's advent as *SRL*'s new editor is brilliantly described by Stegner:

> Raging champion of the real, passionate advocate of common sense, incautious preacher of skeptical caution, rationalist historian of the irrationality and imperfection of all human society, he jumped into midtown Manhattan, threw his coonskin on the ground, jumped on it, leaped into the air and cracked his heels together three times, and announced himself half horse, half alligator, ready to take on not only moderates like [Carl] Van Doren, but all the literary aesthetes and political idealists of a quarter century. . . .

The Saturday Review gave Benny DeVoto ample scope for literary crusading and controversy. Among his favorite targets: Van Wyck Brooks, Lewis Mumford, Harold Stearns, Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot, Malcolm Cowley, Edmund Wilson, Granville Hicks, Emma Goldman, Mike Gold. Stegner says that Benny DeVoto "crawled into a cave packed with bears, and shined his insolent flashlight around, and growled."

One of those who growled back was Edmund Wilson in the *New Republic*. It wasn't a particularly ferocious response, just the low growl of a senior bear flicking at an annoying curiosity. Wilson, in effect, asked DeVoto to step forward and identify himself. What, exactly, was eating him? Why all the bellicosity? Stegner says that DeVoto appeared to Wilson and other members of the literary establishment as a "supercilious academic lambasting the non-academics of literature, a professional westerner accusing

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all others of ignorance about the West, a follower of Pareto who simply threw the name Pareto at his readers' heads without explicating him, a champion of 'fact' who accused whole generations of the most various people of 'misrepresentation' and 'fantasy,' a critic of psychoanalytic biography who did not hesitate to use psychoanalysis himself when it was convenient, a damner of utopian and idealistic and progressive thought who did not say how he expected society ever to be improved and appeared not to believe it could be."

DeVoto's attacks provoked few major rebuttals. Was it because writers of stature he had criticized weren't prepared to take him seriously? Was it because he was such a militant antagonist of censorship and violation of human rights that his tilting at literary contemporaries could be accommodated as part of the allowable margin for error accorded critics of worth? Or was it that he had a germ of truth that few wished to debate —the truth that too much of our literature was detached from its native soil and was therefore lacking in essential nutrients?

Whatever the case, Benny DeVoto discovered that a magazine editorship was a complicated affair, calling for more than the assertion of a strong point of view. Manuscripts have to be edited and polished. Page proofs have to be scrutinized. Books have to be assigned for review. Articles have to be commissioned. Reader correspondence must not only be maintained but also encouraged. DeVoto relished the philosophical dimension of editing. He infused the pages of *SRL* with the writings of his former associates at Harvard. And he used the magazine as a club to beat down his objects of scorn; sometimes his forays led him into playing favorites, as when he demolished Richard Thornton's anthology of criticism, *Recognition of Robert Frost*. For years, DeVoto had been looking for a major occasion to pay tribute to his friend and idol, Robert Frost. The Thornton book was a patsy for that purpose.

DeVoto's editorship produced an enlarged awareness in literary circles of the existence of *SRL*, but the downward drift in the condition of the magazine continued nonetheless. In fairness to him, full allowance must be made for the fact that his editorship came smack in the middle of the depression. Also, *SRL* was then dependent almost exclusively on book publishing for advertising; books traditionally received a whopping discount from the regular space rates. The economics of magazine publishing at that time made it next to impossible for a cultural journal to stand on its own. Nothing produces more tension and even feuding on a staff than the psychology of a losing magazine. DeVoto felt the pressure of the bottom line.

This is not to say that DeVoto didn't make mistakes. *SRL*'s strongest editorial assets were its four founding editors—Henry Seidel Canby, Amy Loveman, Christopher Morley, and William Rose Benét—and its young managing editor, George Stevens. Instead of maximizing these assets, DeVoto announced his intention to drop their regular columns or features. He also took a three-month summer vacation, one of the splendid perquisites of the academic life but wildly beyond the means or the working rhythm of a journal that had to be produced fifty-two times a year.

Clearly, it was a mismatch. George Stevens, the best qualified person for the job, became the new editor of *SRL*. His policy was to retain the thrust of DeVoto and also to restore the features associated with *SR*'s founders. DeVoto moved back to Cambridge as editor of a Mark Twain project. He also settled into his Easy Chair at *Harper's*, a watchtower post that enabled him to write about literature, mores, politics, conservation, and the passing scene in general with characteristic force and pungency. He fought against inquisitions and shoddy writing, and, long before ecology became a national battle cry, DeVoto was at war in behalf of the environment. It was also during this period that DeVoto began work on *Across the Wide Missouri*, which supplied large missing chunks of knowledge on the place of the fur traders in the exploration of western America.

WALLACE STEGNER GIVES considerable attention to the episode that brought DeVoto the greatest pain of his career. His antagonists were Sinclair Lewis and, sad to say, *The Saturday Review* itself. It happened in 1944, six years after DeVoto left the editorship of *SR*. The starting point was DeVoto's little book, *The Literary Fallacy*, a recapitulation of his well-known views on what he regarded as the illiteracy of many American writers about their own country, the West in particular. Part of the book appeared as a preview in *SR*. The thesis itself was supportable, but the development was broad-brushed to the point of distortion and offhandedness. The material had been presented originally as a series of lectures. In this form, the casual generalizations were probably more easily metabolized than in hard print. DeVoto was vulnerable in his choice of examples to prove how little most writers knew about American history in particular and non-literary subjects in general. One example was John Wesley Powell and the exploration of the Colorado River. The other example was Robert H. Aldrich, who developed an effective new treatment for skin burns. DeVoto expounded on these examples so extravagantly that it seemed he was more eager to display knowledge than to illustrate a thesis. An observation made by Wallace Stegner in an entirely separate connection comes to mind here. Stegner said he wondered whether DeVoto "didn't sometimes weaken a sound position by having to pose as omniscient, omnipresent, and omnibiblical, an expert in everything."

Did DeVoto have a truth that few wished to debate —the truth that "too much of our literature was detached from its native soil"?

One sentence in *The Literary Fallacy* left DeVoto wide open to personal attack. He deplored the "uninstructed gentility" in much of contemporary literary criticism. He said that terms like "fool" and "liar" "might profitably come back to use."

Sinclair Lewis, who had been nettled over the years by DeVoto's sweeping statements about the ignorance of American writers, now entered the lists. He telephoned fellow Yaleman Harrison Smith, then associate editor of the *Review*, and one of his closest friends, to ask for the right of rebuttal. Mr. Smith consulted with me about the request. (I had been editor for two years at that point.) I couldn't have been more excited at the prospect of a Lewis-DeVoto controversy in our pages, and I urged Hal Smith to encourage Sinclair Lewis to write the piece.

When the article arrived, I knew we were dealing with something more than literary controversy; we were confronted by a bloody war. Lewis said he was accepting DeVoto's advice to use strong and explicit language in literary matters. "Very well," his article said, "I denounce Mr. Bernard DeVoto as a fool and a

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tedious and egotistical fool, as a liar and a pompous and boresome liar." He quoted from DeVoto's novels, written under the pen name John August, to show how inept and clanking DeVoto's fiction writing was alongside the works of Hemingway, Fitzgerald, and Thomas Wolfe, whose style DeVoto had disparaged. He called DeVoto to account for his presumption in posing as "an incalculably wiser and nobler man than Mr. Van Wyck Brooks." He poked fun at DeVoto's "froglike face."

The article, I felt, was clearly out of bounds. Even allowing for the fact that DeVoto was spoiling for a fight and had applauded the language of vilification, Sinclair Lewis's piece was brutal beyond justification. True, we had commissioned Lewis to write the article; as one of the three or four most eminent living American writers, he was entitled to full and unfettered publication. But what was our own responsibility? Did the nature of DeVoto's original attack relieve us of all obligations to observe restraint and good taste?

AMY LOVEMAN, HARRISON SMITH, and I discussed the problem for the better part of two days. It seemed to me that Sinclair Lewis ought to eliminate the venomous and irrelevant references to DeVoto as a person. Certainly, poking fun at his physical features was indefensible. I didn't want to jeopardize Hal Smith's friendship with Sinclair Lewis, so I suggested he put the entire responsibility on me in his approach to Lewis.

Lewis's reply was swift. It was handed to me by Hal on a small Yale University Club note-pad sheet: "Dear Sir: I request answers to two questions: First, how old are you? Second, who the hell do you think you are to tell me what I should write? Sincerely, S. Lewis."

These were good questions. Sinclair Lewis was drilling on my exposed nerves. I was twenty-seven and still self-conscious about being the successor to Henry Seidel Canby, Bernard DeVoto, and George Stevens. As for the second question, the last thing in the world I wanted was to have the magazine publicly denounced for withdrawing from publication, or trying to censor, an article by Sinclair Lewis.

In the end, we published Sinclair Lewis's article as originally written. It shook up the literary universe. We must have received a thousand letters or more. Many of the writers who had been vexed by DeVoto's constant upbraidings over the years were delighted that a person of Sinclair Lewis's stature had finally given DeVoto a long overdue come-uppance. An equally large number of people in the literary community were shocked that *The Saturday Review* would lend itself to what they believed was character assassination.

The controversy attracted national attention, but I couldn't have been more miserable. Deep down, I knew that my decision to publish the piece had been based more on fear of standing up to the great Sinclair Lewis than on the merits of the case.

As was to be expected, the article hurt DeVoto beyond imagining. He never forgave me for publishing it. He said nothing for several months, then wrote me a note saying he didn't object to severe criticism, but he didn't believe that anything in *The Literary Fallacy* warranted a personal attack. He regarded his book as a serious, objective, and nonpersonal attempt to raise important questions and didn't see why it should have precipitated such personal animus.

I felt Benny DeVoto was attributing qualities of scholarship and restraint to *The Literary Fallacy* it did not possess. I also felt that his own slashing criticisms and intemperate remarks in *The Literary Fallacy* and elsewhere had set an inevitable stage for the kind of counter-attack Lewis mounted. But I knew I had made a major error in allowing *SR* to become that stage. The fact of DeVoto's undeniable provocativeness and propensity for using abusive language did not mean that we should accept those standards in opposing him.

I learned a great deal from that episode, or at least I hope I have. There will always be hard decisions in the editing of any magazine of ideas. But it is far better to be accused of "rejecting" or "censoring" an article than to lend oneself to harmful or irresponsible publishing.

Wallace Stegner handles the Lewis-DeVoto episode, as he does everything else in the book, with complete fairness. I was enormously impressed, in fact, by Stegner's ability to resist the magistrate's role, given his own experience and authority on many of the matters discussed in this book. DeVoto is such an explicit and tangible subject that there is seldom a moment when he does not invite summary judgments.

If I were giving a class in writing, and the matter under discussion was biography, I would unhesitantly point to Stegner's book as a model. It gets at the essentials. It is unfailingly interesting. It makes beautifully visible the credentials of the biographer to deal with this particular biographee. It puts the subject in proper historical perspective. And it uses the English language with elegance and precision.

Not the least significant aspect of this book is that the author emerges from it a substantial American literary figure. He has been part of the literary scene for thirty-five years and has always been respected for his craftsmanship as novelist, essayist, and teacher. But this book projects him to the forefront among our men of letters. □

"Life is so unjust. We're too young for X-rated stuff and too sophisticated to dig it when we come of age."

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Letters From Readers

Poetry and Politics

. . . I believe that Ezra Pound was a Fascist ("The Venetian Grave," February 9). I also believe that he was a poet of considerable dimensions whose contribution to the development of twentieth-century poetry is undeniable, perhaps incalculable, but whose political world view seriously marred his poetry. I also believe that his apparent regrets over his earlier "mistakes" should not be neglected in an assessment of his work. Whether or not he was mad is not for me to say, since the question of madness is a relative one, depending on definitions.

Perhaps the real question to be discussed is how it happened that at least two of our best poets (I am thinking of T. S. Eliot, a friend and admirer of Pound and also an expatriate) held prejudicial, anti-humanist views that adversely affected the quality of their poetry. Contrary to *Ars Poetica,* a poem *does* mean and cannot be separated entirely from its writer or its time.

Mary Leigh Smith
Neenah, Wisconsin

Yes, let us judge Ezra Pound's works by themselves and then also his political thoughts and actions by themselves. Do not let us attempt to justify his politics as mere delusion. . . .

Archibald MacLeish would have us look upon Ezra Pound the poet as a separate man from Ezra Pound the politician. If indeed Pound was not mad, as Mr. MacLeish states, then the man will be judged in his entirety, although his works may be reviewed separately.

Rosalind Yunker
La Grangeville, New York

Great Finnish Notes

It is heartening to a Finnish-American to realize that another of Finnish descent, Charles Wuorinen, is following in the creative, musically individualistic style of the great Finnish composer Jean Sibelius ("Wuorinen and the New American String Quartet," January 26). . . .

Charles's father, Dr. John H. Wuorinen, Columbia University authority on Finnish culture and author of *A History of Finland,* doubtless inculcated his son with the Finnish credo of Sibelian mystique and Finnish-type individuality. Recognition of Finnish musical genius is long due. Perhaps Wuorinen's ascendancy will expose the names of other Finnish geniuses that are unfamiliar to insular Americans, such as Madetoja, Kuula, Melartin, Palmgren, Kilpinen, and the rising batch of youngsters whose works reflect the European currents from expressionism to exoticism that characterize Wuorinen's art.

Allan M. Pitkanen
Northridge, California

The Art Crowd

As a private art collector, I have been particularly interested in the subject and thrust of Katharine Kuh's comments and in the various comments that she has made in the past regarding commercialism and promotion in the art world ("The New Art and Its Collectors," December 4). My instincts have always been very much against such manifestations of this as following the crowd, buying the heavily promoted artists—unless I was truly involved with the work—"waiting in line" for works by a given artist. . . .

Very obvious, and at times depressing, is the great extent to which even major museums in their twentieth-century collecting tend to be pulled by the mainstream of events in the art world. I believe that today almost everyone has a common challenge to achieve independence and exercise personal sensitivity, while not arbitrarily rejecting everything including whatever real quality there is in this powerful mainstream. . . .

All of society is subjected to promotional and media pressures. I would think that the world of the visual arts, in that it draws upon the non-verbal modes of the human brain and intellect, should be able to lead, or at least help lead, a path out of the commercial crowd-following mode in which we find ourselves.

Stephen D. Paine
Boston, Massachusetts

"I expect one hundred percent perfection around here Perkins, or Walters, or whatever your name is."

The Rise and Fall of the SATs

William Shockley is not one who is taken in by popular or psychological folklore ("SAT Scores: What Happened to the Best and the Brightest?" February 9). Through speeches on college campuses and papers published in professional journals, he, almost alone, has been warning us of the impending intellectual decline for over six years. The National Academy of Sciences has repeatedly refused his plea to research the ethnic problem as it relates to dysgenics. The *National Review* called him a nut. Leeds "uninvited" Professor Shockley to receive an honorary degree.

If Professor Shockley were some redneck from Georgia, I could understand how a *New York Times* writer could overlook Shockley's recent work in genetics. However, even a *Times* man could not ignore William Shockley's discovery in electronics that earned him the Nobel Prize.

Instead of Fred Hechinger's "Yogi Bear" hypothesis to explain the decline

(Continued on page 11.)

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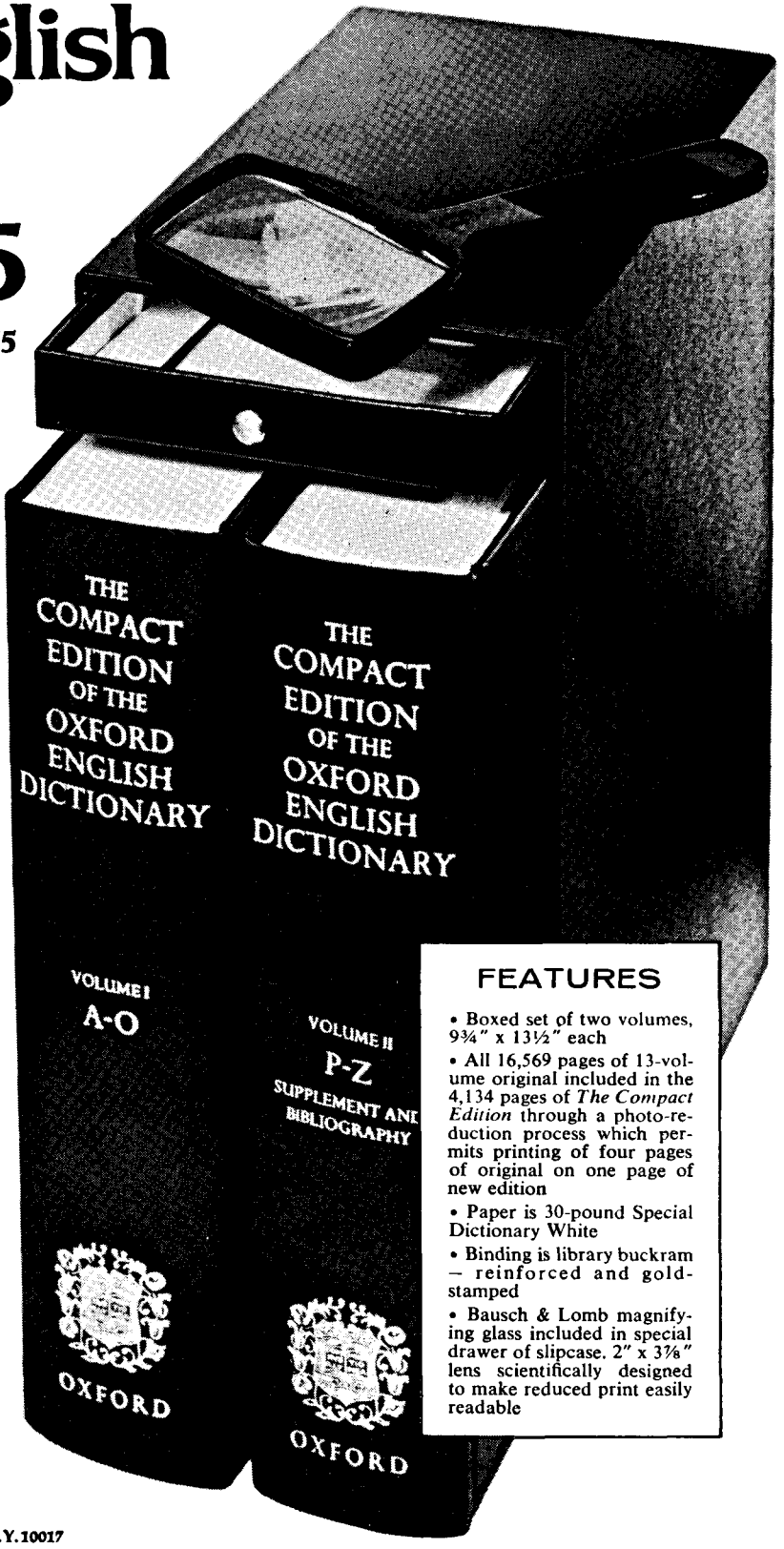

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World Progress Report

Priming the Pump

In many rural villages in the developing world, a major source of disease is also the source of vital drinking water: the village well. The traditional, picturesque bucket-on-a-rope model is all too easily contaminated with cholera, typhoid, and other water-borne infections that are estimated to kill ten million people annually—half of them children—in less-developed countries. The cure seems simple enough: Keep the well firmly covered against contamination and replace the bucket with a simple pump.

Although such a pump has been near the top of the Agency for International Development's shopping list for several years, none has been found. The ideal pump must withstand almost constant rough use; breakdowns should be infrequent. It must also be easily repaired and serviced by local villagers using available parts. Working under contract to AID, engineers at the Battelle Memorial Institute have devised a design that promises to fill the bill. The pump handle and bolt—the parts that suffer the most wear—are especially sturdy, and the cylinder is made of inexpensive, easy-to-fabricate, plastic-coated iron instead of the more expensive brass. An all-plastic cylinder has also been successfully tested.

The Battelle-AID pump is currently undergoing field trials in Thailand, in Nigeria, and in Bangladesh, where project manager Robert D. Fannon reports that "they were the only pumps still working in those areas and they were being used approximately twenty hours a day."

Fannon also points out that "we aren't going to solve the problem of unsanitary village water supplies by buying pumps, bringing them in, and leaving them. It's better to make the pumps in the country. This creates industry, provides employment, and at the same time improves rural water supplies. And if repairs are needed, the parts are available locally."

In the same spirit, the U.N. Children's Fund is backing a project to produce some 115,000 of the new pumps in Bangladesh, using raw materials from nearby India. In Nigeria a pump-manufacturing operation is being sponsored by private capital and CARE. And an annual local production of 300 pumps is planned in Thailand.

Foreign Exchange

While U.S. colleges and universities, accustomed to a surfeit of applicants, are struggling with a sudden student shortage, German institutions of higher learning are facing exactly the opposite problem: Some thirty thousand would-be matriculants are turned away each year for lack of places. In an experiment in matching supply to demand as well as fostering international understanding, the German state of Rhineland-Palatinate has agreed to enroll 500 of its surplus students in a number of U.S. colleges and universities, beginning in the fall semester of 1975. The participating American institutions have yet to be named, but twenty of the visitors will go to Georgetown University, in Washington, D.C.; its executive vice-president, Rev. Edmund G. Ryan, is coordinating the American end of the program.

The average cost of the international experiment is estimated at $4740 per year for each student. Rhineland-Palatinate, along with any other German states that join the program, will bear the entire cost. To keep the students from losing touch with their homeland and to avoid competition with American students for scarce summer jobs, the visitors will be required to return to Germany during summer vacations. They will also be restricted from enrolling in already overcrowded programs, such as medicine and dentistry. If the first class of German students is a success, its sponsors have plans to bring as many as thirty thousand young Germans each year to U.S. campuses.

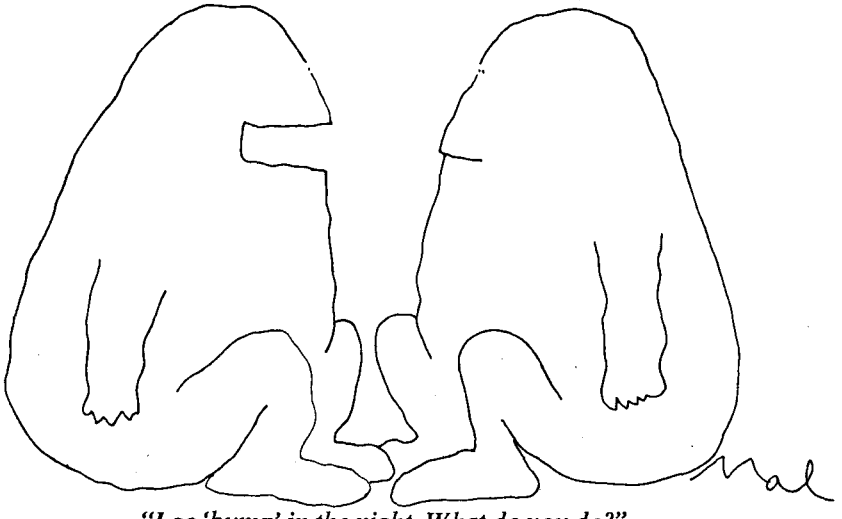
Down on the Farm

Growing cities leapfrog, subdivision by subdivision, into the countryside along an ever-expanding perimeter, consuming surrounding rural land at an accelerating rate. Farms are turned into housing developments almost overnight, fertile earth is paved over, valuable agricultural land is lost, and a way of life disappears.

In an effort to halt, or at least to slow, this seemingly inexorable trend, New York State has legislated special agricultural districts to buffer the owners of farmland from urbanizing pressures. Land in the special districts is protected from anti-farming regulations; from special taxes for water, sewerage, and street-lighting projects; and from state takeover by condemnation. Most important, farmers in a special district can apply for lower real estate-tax assessments based on the agricultural value of their land, rather than on its development potential.

In the first two years of the agricultural-district legislation, more than one million acres have been brought under its protection. This includes 10 percent of all farmland in the state, and 15 to 20 percent of the most valuable agricultural acreage. Officials note with special satisfaction that the counties closest to New York City's advancing frontier have accepted the special-district plan most enthusiastically. Urban planners are avidly watching the New York experiment for clues to controlling rampant metropolitan sprawl.

ANTHONY WOLFF



"I go 'bump' in the night. What do you do?"

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(Continued from page 8.)

in SAT scores, I offer a more parsimonious but less palatable explanation. Mean SAT scores decline in proportion to the number of blacks in the sample. The amount of decline can be predicted by anyone familiar with [Arthur] Jensen's 1969 *Harvard Education Review* article.

Since Mr. Hechinger invoked the "Yogi Bear" anecdote, I hope I can be forgiven for referring to one state university where an increase of 1 percent in black enrollment is accompanied by a decline in mean total SATs by four or five points. I also suspect that the decline in SAT scores is not unrelated to the policy of the College Board of the last few years to waive fees for disadvantaged students. The policy encourages many marginally qualified students to sit for the test and thus lowers mean SAT scores.

The sad thing about this . . . is that for political reasons college admissions officers, the College Board president, and ETS experts cannot admit publicly that both Jensen and Shockley are right.

R. T. Osborne
Director, Testing, Evaluation
and Career Counseling Center
The University of Georgia
Athens, Georgia

With the news that SAT scores show a constant ten-year decline, the public now has objective evidence available for judging the ineffectiveness of many widely heralded educational innovations. These SAT scores are in addition to countless achievement-test scores not published by local school districts.

The SAT results are depressing enough, but to have Mr. Hechinger call those of us who questioned the appropriateness of the now admittedly inadequate learning systems as "anti-youth forces" is an undeserved slur. It is the new reading and mathematics programs introduced over the past decade that are faulty—not the kids, not the public, not the teachers, and certainly not the teachers like me who simply questioned the adequacy of new approaches.

I have no desire to be "vindictive" now, as Mr. Hechinger openly fears. We have all just learned that the education fostered by recent innovations is just as ineffective as traditional education. . . . Mr. Hechinger should join with teachers like me who are "questing" for more effective, humane learning strategies. The search is still intoxicating.

Nathan B. Winter
Rockford, Illinois

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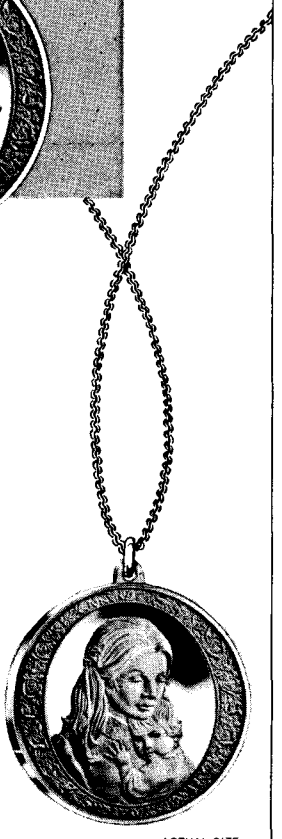

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Saturday Review
World

NATO: Trouble at Twenty-Five

Without substantial streamlining, the still-valid alliance is in danger of perishing "under the weight of political pique and shirked duties . . . ."

by Richard C. Longworth

Brussels

The North Atlantic Treaty Organization, twenty-five years old this month, is in a jam, and it is unlikely to survive its next quarter century in anything resembling its present shape. Trouble is nothing new to NATO. Since 1949 it has stumbled from crisis to crisis, trying to resolve inborn differences between Europe and America over what the alliance really is for. Washington sees NATO as only one part of a worldwide strategy. However, Europe sees it in its strictly local context, as an American guarantee against Soviet attack on Western Europe. As long as the cold war lasted, these differing concepts could be submerged in the mutual desire to tame Russia. And perhaps when détente truly dawns, these concepts—even NATO itself—will no longer matter.

For the present, NATO is beset by strong and debilitating pressures from both sides of the Atlantic. No European these days believes Russia will attack, so he is disinclined to sacrifice the welfare state for guns. Yet no European, viewing the Middle East war, is so ready as the White House to proclaim East-West peace, nor, with the Solzhenitsyn case in the headlines, is he anxious to leave an essentially defenseless Europe to one superpower. His leaders talk about unified European defense but cannot even agree on an energy policy. Across the ocean, the American government and Congress become daily more "disgusted," to use Henry Kissinger's word. With Europe unwilling to defend itself but chafing at American leadership, the pressure in Washington for U.S. withdrawal grows stronger.

A clear break is unlikely, because NATO belongs to a network of economic and intellectual threads tying Europe and America together. But these strands show signs of fraying. A future of strategic disputes and dickering over money, of oil rivalry and government instability, has men on both sides of the Atlantic deeply worried. Already these men are thinking how NATO can be changed so that it can deal with such problems. But the task requires high statesmanship—and we are rather short of statesmen just now.

NATO's fifteen members have withstood numerous internal strains, including the withdrawal of French forces in 1966. That was a strange act, even now not totally understood. As Harlan Cleveland, former U.S. ambassador to NATO, points out, it had remarkably little effect. Two French armored divisions remain in Germany, and France still belongs to NATO's air defense and communications system. In addition, the French stayed in the NATO Council, the alliance's political arm, and have even begun taking a limited part in NATO maneuvers. And Paris outshouts the others in demanding an undiminished American presence in Europe.

Indeed, the major effect of de Gaulle's thunderbolt was the removal of NATO headquarters from Paris to Brussels, where it now lurks beside the airport road, a sturdy, ugly building of gray concrete, erected by the Belgians in three months. This sprawling, three-story structure, surrounded by huge international parking lots filled with Fiats, Opels, and Ford station wagons, houses a small city unto itself, with its own barbers, restaurants, bank, and television studios. Its 2500 employees—some international servants, the rest connected to the fifteen national delegations—pad purposefully along the half-mile corridors, past security checkpoints set up like so many frontier stations. The employees are polyglot, but the lingua franca is an American-accented English. From the windows of the 1320 offices, the people of NATO view a bleak Belgian landscape slowly yielding to suburbia and a shrinking world. The closest neighbors are Toyota, Holiday Inn, and Scaldia-Volga, a Russian auto firm with a huge antenna on the roof (NATO technicians make sure it picks up nothing interesting).

NATO has placed a succession of five European diplomats in the post of secretary-general. The incumbent is Joseph M. A. H. Luns, a six-foot, four-inch Dutchman who is a great charmer and a wit in four languages. Although personally popular, Luns represents the cold-war dinosaurs. He embarrasses Americans by being more Yank than the Yanks and tends to envision Soviet hordes poised to swoop across Europe.

FEW UNIFORMS are seen at NATO. Military headquarters is thirty miles south, at SHAPE (Supreme Headquarters, Allied Powers Europe), which carries out the military part of NATO's political decisions. Because decisions in any crunch will be made in Washington, the commander of SHAPE is always the commander of American forces in Europe. The first was General Eisenhower. The present commander is Ike's former presidential aide, Gen. Andrew Goodpastèr, whose empire, from Iceland to Turkey, embraces 14 armies, 13 navies, 13 air forces, 3 million servicemen, at least 7000 nuclear warheads, 2750 tactical aircraft, and 150 airfields.

Devotion to NATO varies from nation to nation. Germany commits all its forces to NATO: Thirty years after the Wehrmacht overran Europe, the new *Bundeswehr* is a linchpin in European security. Iceland has no defense budget and is trying to get rid of its only contribution to NATO, the hard-scrabble U.S. air base of Keflavík. Only Portugal devotes more of its gross national product to defense than the United States does, but almost all of that goes to fighting blacks in Africa. Greece and Turkey show most enthusiasm for fighting each other. Holland's long-haired, unionized soldiers are a European joke, while the biggest battle facing U.S. troops in Germany is the war on drugs.

All this suggests frivolity, which seems

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odd, because the uncritical détente mongering that swept Europe in the mid-Sixties and the United States in the early Seventies has been tempered—in Europe by the Czechoslovak invasion of 1968, in America by the Middle East war and the discovery that not even Henry Kissinger's alchemy can turn Russians into civil libertarians.

In fact, the world has entered a half-era between tension and relaxation. On one hand is the disbelief in a Soviet attack and NATO's entry into the détente business, via Ostpolitik, SALT, Mutual and Balanced Force Reductions (MBFR), and the European Security Conference. On the other is the lingering suspicion of Soviet motives—a mood that revived talk of "Finlandization" (strong subjection to Soviet economic and political influences) and led all fifteen nations to resubscribe to the alliance on its twentieth anniversary. If the Czechoslovak coup of 1948 sired NATO, the Czechoslovak invasion of 1968 revived it. As Britain's Lord Chalfont has said, Russia's superiority in Europe-based manpower and tanks may be designed only to control its own allies, but "it would be a foolish and irresponsible Western politician who took *that* for granted."

This new semi-peace has been troubled by Common Market economic rivalries and by U.S.-European squabbles over the Middle East war and the oil crisis. Since eight of the nine Common Market nations (all except Ireland) belong to NATO, the oil crisis has provided the spectacle of America's allies' defying U.S. leadership, while sheltering behind U.S. arms. The Nixon administration gobbled with rage. President Nixon said he alone had kept Europe from freezing this winter, and Defense Secretary Schlesinger threatened to review U.S. commitments to Europe.

Europe, for its part, fears that Washington will bargain with Moscow at Europe's expense. At a NATO meeting in December, French Foreign Minister Michel Jobert accused America of deserting Europe by signing with Russia the pact on the prevention of nuclear war. Kissinger retorted that the pact specifically included guarantees to allies. In fact, it provides for Soviet-American "consultation" if quarrels between other nations "appear to involve the risk of nuclear war." A better example of the twilight nature of this no-tension-no-relaxation era could hardly be found.

Depending on your politics, NATO costs the United States $17 billion each year (for all troops everywhere who would be used in a European war) or $7 billion (what we actually spend on NATO now) or $2.1 billion (what we spend abroad). Direct "offset" contributions by European nations, mainly Germany, cut that last sum to $1.3 billion.

In truth, the NATO expense is certainly tolerable in comparison with total U.S. defense spending. But the cost argument, although sterile, has become central, and Americans come to NATO meetings bearing pleas for more European spending. European governments agree but have avoided doing anything, asserting, probably correctly, that their heavily taxed voters would never spend more on weapons that probably will not be used. A European diplomat explains, "What's the use of our contributing a few more tanks and sloppy draftees so long as the United States has a monopoly on the real deterrent?"—nuclear weaponry. This states vividly Europe's trauma: its gall-

Gamma-Walter Vanderhaegen

Henry Kissinger and Gen. Andrew J. Goodpaster, SHAPE commander, flank NATO Secretary-General Joseph Luns—"American troops are seen by Europeans as hostages guaranteeing U.S. involvement in any European war."

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ing awareness of its own weakness and its unwillingness or inability to do anything about it.

The troop issue has become entangled with the MBFR talks. Europeans view the Vienna negotiations balefully: They accept the fact that some Yanks will have to go home, and they acknowledge that there is nothing sacred in the number of GIs in Europe now. But when Americans are home, they are 3000 miles away. An equivalent Soviet pullback would leave its troops a mere half-day's drive farther east, along the Byelorussian border.

The troop dilemma has perplexed NATO from the start. Europe sees its own soldiers and weapons as the price it must pay for the American nuclear umbrella. They hope the United States will meet a conventional Soviet attack on Western Europe with an immediate nuclear strike on Russia: This is why they say their ground troops can hold out for only a week. However, America wants to avoid Soviet nuclear retaliation; hence our pressure on the Europeans to build up conventional forces so that an attack would be blunted and diplomats would be given time to act. American troops are seen by Europeans as hostages guaranteeing U.S. involvement in any European war. Because of this, talks about any change—either building up ground forces or reducing them—make Europeans wonder whether the umbrella is still there. After twenty-five years, this lack of trust infuriates Americans.

The new situation has revived talk, mostly in France, of an independent European defense force based on the minuscule British and French nuclear deterrents. This is likely to remain only talk. A credible European force requires control by some central political authority, and no all-European government is in sight. In addition, Germany must share this control, and few Europeans, including the Russians, would accept a German finger on the trigger. The European people themselves seem opposed to the idea and to the tripled spending that its implementation would require—an aversion that will grow with the recession that the oil crisis is expected to cause. Oil, which already has set the allies against one another, will make it harder for Europeans to provide additional conventional forces, let alone build their own nuclear force.

Beyond this, NATO planners fear the impact that hard times may have on the status of European democracy, which NATO was founded to foster. Even today, no democratic European government is firm. A strike pushed Britain to the polls. France, isolated from its partners, is run by an ailing president whose subordinates spend most of their time maneuvering to become his successor. Danes, frustrated by high taxes, voted heavily for a charlatan who wants to replace Denmark's armed forces with a telephone number "that would tell the caller, *'myi sdayomsya'* "—Russian for "we surrender." Italy shuttles between crises, provoking fears of a Greek-style military dictatorship. Even Willy Brandt's leadership, so esteemed abroad, is uncertain at home. Watergate has weakened American leadership and sapped European confidence in Nixon. Europeans know the post-war rebirth of their democracies rested on prosperity. No one knows what austerity will bring.

NATO's problems have started the search for solutions. On the cost side, the alliances could save a fortune through efficiency. Each NATO member insists now on its own forces, planning, and weapons. One ally's bullets don't fit other allies' guns. Up to $5 billion per year could be saved through standardization of equipment, specialization in arms making, joint procurement, and common forces. But this harmonization, however necessary economically, bumps hard against national pride.

Some strategists believe NATO is simply preparing for the wrong war. The major Warsaw Pact threats are generally thought to be in the Mediterranean, in the Arctic, or in a thrust across northern Germany. But American troops, NATO's best, are massed in southern Germany, because that's where they were when the last war ended.

The purpose of NATO ground forces is to slow up an attack, to provide time for a settlement before nuclear weapons are used. To better fulfill this objective, the Brookings Institution advocates restructuring U.S. forces with fewer support troops and strategic reserve divisions. Former Presidential Aide Robert Komer urges smaller, leaner ground forces with improved anti-tank weapons, relying on quick reinforcement by reserves and territorial forces (both far cheaper than regular troops) after fighting has begun. Another useful idea is the pullback of NATO's tactical warheads. Many are located so far forward that they must be fired almost immedi-

"Sorry, sir, you have even-numbered plates but a surname ending in a vowel, which means you divide your horsepower by ten, which comes out above thirty, which means you are entitled to buy gas only between midnight and 2 A.M., the first and last Mondays of the month."

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ately after a Soviet attack or be captured intact.

Political strategists also want to streamline transatlantic consultations in Brussels to alleviate Europe's feeling of being neglected by Washington. There is new interest in an old Kissinger idea that a NATO "Security Council" might be formed to work out specific NATO foreign-policy objectives. De Gaulle himself once suggested a version of this—an American-French-British *directoire*—but Eisenhower snubbed it.

Despite these new ideas, officials at NATO headquarters are pessimistic. They know their alliance, at twenty-five, already has lived longer than most military blocs. They fear that European acts will alienate a new generation of American leaders who lack the old emotional, war-born commitment to Europe.

Does it matter? It does. There is a special American relationship with Europe that exists with no other part of the world. Americans have taken everything from their nursery rhymes to their political institutions from Europe and have given much in return. They cannot disrupt this community of transatlantic interests without severing their own roots. NATO has been the community's cornerstone of security, and it has succeeded —not just in keeping the peace but also in reintegrating Germany into Western life.

Yet to maintain NATO without change is both impossible and ridiculous. It may even be necessary to replace it physically with a new alliance. But so long as Europe cannot defend itself in a nuclear world (and do we really want another superpower?), then the American pledge —given so far through NATO—remains valid.

Nine years ago Henry Kissinger himself wrote that, despite "Europe's abdication from serious concern with defense," Washington should use "unusual tact and steadiness" and should recognize that Europe is a collection of sovereign states, not just an object of American power. America's preponderant strength, he said, means she must "share responsibilities even more than burdens" and not "confuse periodic briefings and reassurance with consultation." Not bad advice, now that NATO is buckling under the weight of political pique, shirked duties, and burdens it was not meant to bear. There is still time to seek a new military partnership reflecting new realities, encouraging European strength, but holding the umbrella until true détente finally allows us to fold it. □

Francisca Guarachi.
Age 4.
One of three children.
Total family income about $15.00 a month.

Parents completed only second grade. Diet mostly carbohydrates, not well-balanced. Family has neither medical nor dental assistance; children have had scarlet fever. Can afford only $1.00 annually for education.

Francisca's family is typical of those who form long lines outside our offices overseas. Her parents are anxious to give their children a better education than they themselves had. Although their home is only one room, with dirt floors and no bathroom, it is kept clean and neat. They want very much to make use of the help PLAN can give them—medical and dental care, compassionate counseling by social workers, material and financial aid for more food and the children's education. PLAN, however, cannot help this family and others like it without your support. Our goal is to give children and families the means with which to help themselves. Counseling brings to light their individual talents and problems; educational and social welfare programs meet common needs. An exchange of monthly letters gives an enormous psychological boost to children and families and satisfaction to the donor.

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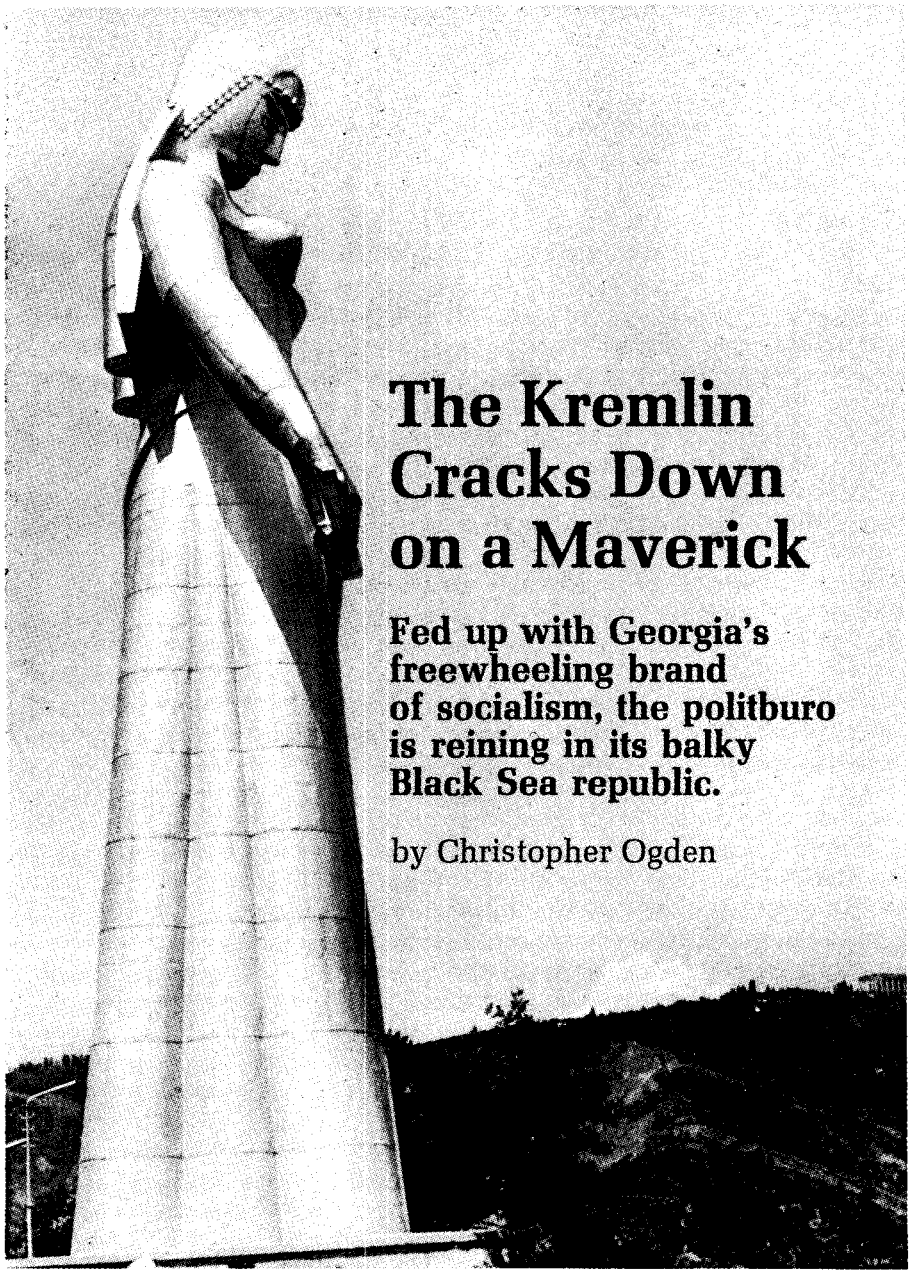

The Kremlin Cracks Down on a Maverick

Fed up with Georgia's freewheeling brand of socialism, the politburo is reining in its balky Black Sea republic.

by Christopher Ogden

Wide World

Mother Georgia, Tbilisi's mountainside statue—A sword for saluting enemies.

Tbilisi, USSR

For nineteen years after the death of Josef V. Stalin, the Kremlin put up with legendary excesses of corruption in his home state—the fiercely individualistic and freewheeling Republic of Georgia, on the Turkish border. In mid-1972 Moscow's Marxists ran out of patience. They moved the head of the Georgian police department up to run the party apparatus and gave him free rein to Sovietize the maverick republic fully. Nearly two years later he's still trying. So are those who want to make certain, sometimes with guns and bombs, that he doesn't succeed.

* * *

When Eduard Shevardnadze took over as first secretary of the Georgian Communist party in the summer of 1972, he ended his first cabinet meeting by asking all his ministers to vote with their left hands on a procedural issue. "Keep them up a minute," he said, pushing back his chair. He slowly circled the polished conference table, peering at wrists. Rolex, Seiko, Jaeger-le Coultre, Omega—everyone except Shevardnadze, who wore a Russian-made Slava, had on a foreign wristwatch.

"For a start," he said, "let's turn all these over to charity."

Charity has always begun at home in Georgia, known through the centuries for its hospitality to its friends (who, moments before, may have been strangers) and for its attention to the good life: food, drink, songs, fine clothes, and, more recently, fancy cars. Today in Tbilisi, the women's coats are trimmer, the skirts and blouses brighter, and the men's suits more fashionable than in Moscow. Billboards, which in Moscow read Our Goal—Communism, push a different line in the Georgian capital: Put Your Money in a Savings Bank. Keep it Safe. Earn More. Georgians love flaunting that kind of refinement at Muscovites. "There's no class in Moscow," they say. "No traditions, no real culture."

Beyond such tree-lined boulevards as Rustaveli Avenue, where Georgians stroll interminably, Tbilisi is a treasure house of ancient churches, a palace, and fortress ruins. Twisting cobblestone alleys in the old city wind below enclosed balconies jutting out from second and third stories and past the only active Hebrew school in the Soviet Union. Grottolike courtyards with outside staircases that climb nearly to pink-tile roofs remind visitors of North Africa. Tenements balance on the sheer cliffs slicing down to the mud-colored Kura River, which splits the town in two. Across the Kura, Vakhtang Gorgasali sits in stone on horseback and watches the city he founded in 458 A.D. He stares at a mountainside statue of Mother Georgia, who carries a sword in one hand for meeting enemies, a wine goblet in the other for greeting friends. (The symbolism is particularly apt. Anyone ever met by a Georgian with a wineglass—and this is how the Georgians meet almost everyone—usually wakes up feeling the entire militia of the republic has goose-stepped over him.)

The city between the two statues sports a twenty-one-story hotel furnished in Finnish modern, a new subway, and more automobiles per capita than in any other Soviet region, including Moscow. "We Georgians know how to acquire things," one mustachioed fellow said, leaning out the window of his 1962 Chevrolet Bel-Air.

The 4 million Georgians, only 20 percent of whom speak Russian fluently, have long been a law unto themselves. The republic, less than twenty-seven thousand square miles and about half the size of the American state of Georgia, was conquered by Romans, Macedonians, Persians, Mongols, Arabs, and Turks before it was incorporated into Imperial Russia in 1801. So many defeats have made the Georgians a philosophical lot who prefer to name their streets for poets rather than politicians and tend to thumb their ample noses at any ruler.

Christopher Ogden is a correspondent in Moscow for United Press International.

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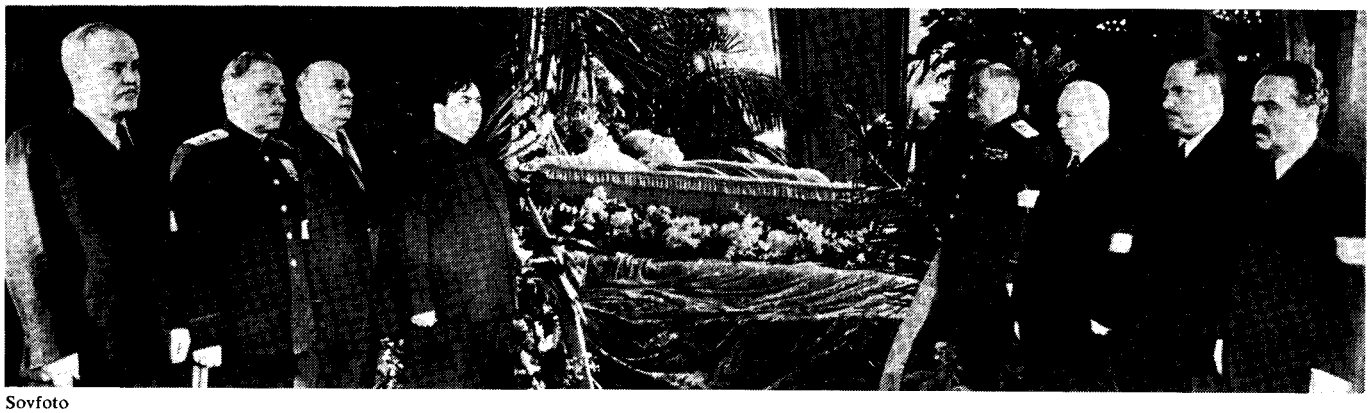

Sovfoto

Top-level Communists mourn Stalin's death—Later, statues fell, streets were renamed everywhere but in Georgia.

The Georgians have worked at preserving their culture and language (there are Georgian translations of most Shakespearean plays). They also have become Byzantine-style entrepreneurs who even today can be counted on to produce—for the right price—anything from a mid-field seat for a national championship soccer match to a basket of peaches in February.

Favored by Stalin, who was born in 1879 in Gori, about thirty miles from Tbilisi, and by Lavrenti Beria, his secret-police chief and fellow Georgian, the republic went its merry way throughout the dictator's thirty-year rule. It could ignore Kremlin directives that sucked away the autonomy of other republics, because it was "Soso's [Joe's] special case." Stalin's death in 1953 intensified, rather than changed, the local attitude, especially when the de-Stalinization campaign of his successor, Nikita S. Khrushchev, began chopping at its underpinnings three years later.

From Brest to Khabarovsk, statues of Stalin came tumbling down. Streets, town squares, whole cities, were renamed. But not in Georgia, where news of the demotion and Khrushchev's criticisms sparked bloody riots. In Georgia the Kremlin backed down. The attitude was, Let things cool a bit—there are other things to do; we'll come back to this. Moscow did not really come back until 1972. The interim was a busy time—opening the virgin lands, industrializing after the war cleanup, the anti-China campaign, the test-ban treaty, the Khrushchev overthrow, and the subsequent consolidation of the Brezhnev, Podgorny, Kosygin troika.

During those years Vasily P. Mzhavanadze ran the republic as first secretary of the Georgian Communist party. Appointed by Stalin just before he died, Mzhavanadze ran Georgia—from the beach resorts along the Black Sea, across the fruit orchards and melon patches, to the chalk-soil wine vineyards and Caucasus peaks and valleys—like a Tammany boss. Georgia's primary occupation—dealing—thrived. For the Georgians, at least. If the Soviets weren't getting their cut, well, that was their problem. Georgians by the hundreds flew daily to Moscow, Leningrad, Murmansk, and farther, their suitcases bulging with fresh-cut carnations, citrus fruits, almonds, and tomatoes that they would hawk for three rubles ($4.00) a pound in the farmers' markets of those less-fortunate cities. They'd fly back to Tbilisi, sometimes the same day. This time the suitcases would be stuffed with either rubles or city goods—books, records, Italian shoes—that they could sell for another profit in Georgia.

The process itself is semilegal. Soviet farmers are allowed in their limited market economy to sell privately what they have left over after first selling the bulk of their produce to the state. In Georgia, where farmers in 1972 earned $400 million from private plots, the priorities were reversed. What was left after the private sales, if anything, went to the state. That kind of planning put Georgia, one of the richest republics in terms of physical resources and climate, in fifteenth and last place when it came to state production statistics.

Mzhavanadze didn't mind. Under only occasional pressure then from Moscow, he responded by dutifully making speeches denouncing extortion, nepo-

Sovfoto

Georgian First Secretary Shevardnadze—A place on the Presidium?

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Black Star

Elderly Georgians banqueted—Concern for their stomachs runs high.

tism, and corruption. His real concern —and his wife's, whose strong will and expensive tastes seemed to dominate most of the party boss's activity—was his seven dachas. So that he could keep them, he tried to insure that the system suffered no Kremlin body blows.

The first real hint of trouble, that Moscow was ready to "come back" to the Georgia problem, appeared in an article in the national trade-union newspaper TRUD in March 1972. In a detailed and surprisingly candid public washing of dirty linen, TRUD described an illegal Georgian operation that cost the highly centralized Soviet economy more than two million dollars. The brains behind the scheme was an economics student, a university dropout turned taxi driver, named Otari Lazishvili. TRUD called him "an underground millionaire who laid on thousand-ruble [$1300] banquets in Moscow, Kiev, and Alma-Ata when his favorite soccer team won, who had two dachas with swimming pools, one near Tbilisi and another on the Black Sea coast in Abkhazia."

As a front, Lazishvili ran a laboratory in which new synthetic materials were tested. Using stolen government materials, he turned out hard-to-get plastic raincoats, turtleneck sweaters, scarves, and gaily colored nylon shopping bags, which buyers quickly grabbed up—the farmers' market routine slightly refined. "In reality, it was a private concern called Lazishvili and Company," TRUD said. "At the time of the investigation, police found more than one hundred thousand rubles' [$133,000] worth of jackets, sweaters, knitwear, and other goods, none of which were registered in government documents."

The money brought powerful friends, including Mzhavanadze, to the Lazishvili dachas (no nouveau riche snobbery here!). The businessman became a Georgian *capo di capos*. His opinion was sought when it came time to fill government and party posts throughout the republic. A man of foresight, Lazishvili had the judiciary salted as well. At his trial the public prosecutor asked that he get the death penalty, a not uncommon sentence for far less serious economic crimes against the state. Instead, the Georgian Supreme Court, which sentenced nearly one hundred persons in connection with the case, gave him a light fifteen years.

Lazishvili, of course, was only the tip of the Georgian iceberg. A week after the first mention of him in the press, the party's Central Committee in Moscow widened its attack to include the entire state of affairs in the republic. In a decree splashed across the front pages of the national papers, it criticized the Georgian leadership for "struggling weakly against such phenomena, alien to our society, as embezzlement of state property, profiteering, bribery, and idling."

It criticized Tbilisi party leaders for shoddy consumer goods, poor city sanitation, falling behind in apartment construction, giving high-ranking jobs to unqualified people, and allowing Georgian nationalism to flourish instead of incorporating it into the general Soviet fabric.

The Kremlin then summoned to Moscow Otari Lolashvili, the party chief in Tbilisi, to report on the situation in the city. The report was rejected, Lolashvili was fired, and, in August 1972, he was replaced by Eduard Shevardnadze, until then the republic's minister of the interior and, as such, chief of police. A month later the seventy-year-old Mzhavanadze was awarded the Order of the October Revolution, one of the state's highest citations for service, and he retired on pension "at his own request." (He also retired to live by himself. Shortly after taking over, Shevardnadze called in Mzhavanadze's wife for questioning about allegedly smuggling diamonds that the jailed Lazishvili had given her. She fled to the Ukraine, where she now reportedly lives with her sister, the wife of deposed Ukrainian party boss Pyotr Shelest.)

With the tap administered by Leonid I. Brezhnev, general secretary of the Soviet Communist party, Shevardnadze moved up again, this time to take over as party first secretary. At forty-four, he became the youngest leader of a Soviet republic. "He has a lot of class," said a retired soccer player who knew Shevardnadze because the Ministry of the Interior sponsors Tbilisi Dynamo, the local professional team. "Whenever he came down to the dressing room, he always wore a clean shirt and a tie and a nice suit. Nothing flashy. But impressive." Impressive for things besides clothes. "He's tough," another Georgian said when his appointment was announced. "He's the kind of guy who asks, 'How can you work so little and still have a dacha?' He's also the kind of guy that when he says do this or do that, you do it. He's not the kind to forgive if you don't."

Despite the toughness, the dominant feeling in Georgia when Shevardnadze took over was that he would initially come on strong and break up some of the *naleva* (literally, "on the left," or "on the side") operations, but then the pace would ease and gradually everything would return to "normal."

"He's not going to change human nature," a Tbilisi waiter said with a half-smile. "Not here, anyway."

Shevardnadze called a joint party and government plenum in November 1972, and the extent of the problem he was facing was so bad that the full proceedings were not published until February. They revealed that, "Serious mistakes have been made in economic management from which the republic's economy has suffered great losses . . . serious shortcomings in agriculture. . . . The republic is far behind in capital construction. . . . Communications, particularly telephones, are far behind modern requirements."

The report also homed in on agricultural officials who blamed winter snow, spring rains, summer heat, sometimes all and more, for crop failures—anything except mismanagement and anything rather than raise the possibility that although there were enough crops, they were all being sold *naleva*. "Now, when winter and rains are in the past, the number of lagging enterprises continues to grow," snorted party secretary Z. A. Partaridze.

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Shevardnadze tried to explain what he had discovered so far: Georgian factories were operating at only 70 percent of capacity (in 1972 two Tbilisi factories alone paid fines totaling nearly two million rubles [$2.7 million] for substandard goods). Unsold, unwanted merchandise worth eight million rubles ($11 million) was found stacked up in ten factories around the city.

While the growth-rate target for 1972 as set by the national plan was 6 percent, Georgia managed to reach only 2.2 percent. The factories met their production quotas, but only by unilaterally reducing the goals. In 1972, in fact, Georgia announced it had exceeded its production goals by 30 million rubles ($41.4 million). It wasn't until Shevardnadze started going through the books that he learned 102 million rubles ($141 million) had been cut along the way from the original target. He also found that although output was up by 216 percent over that of the past decade, profits overall were down because production costs were up 222 percent.

Housing, a perennial Soviet problem, was a nightmare here. The money allocated for 21,500 apartments was simply missing. (What *was* constructed was clearly not great. Today's visitor to Tbilisi can see obviously crooked walls, already laced with broad cracks, on high-rise after high-rise.) The dependability of workers was another troublesome issue. Nearly a third of Tbilisi's 900,000 residents "migrate" each year, many of them the fruit sellers who pile into Tbilisi airport and tip stewardesses ten rubles for a seat on an oversold plane headed to market.

"We have one of the worst records in the country on this," Shevardnadze said. "The reasons why people change jobs so often should be studied scientifically." Hardly. Fast ruble was written all over the operation, as the party boss well knew. He wasted little time in reinstituting the lapsed *propusk* ("pass") system as one means of stabilizing movement and, therefore, the economy. Nobody left Georgia without an official *propusk*. Watermelons and chrysanthemums disappeared from Moscow.

"The plan is law," Shevardnadze said. "It is necessary to be fulfilled without any changes. The party will hold people strictly responsible for every underfulfillment of the plan. It cannot be otherwise."

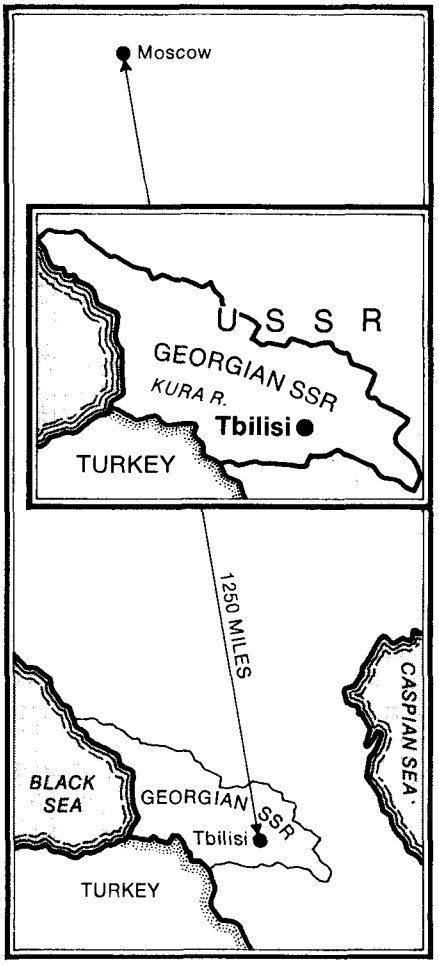
A Georgian himself, he knew there would be foot-dragging. Similarly, he wanted to make certain everyone knew that he would not tolerate it. "We will have to rid ourselves of anything that keeps us from normal work. We will proclaim a real, party-oriented, and principled fight against all negative phenomena in this area. That is the only way, because some comrades hold that everything will run its course and nothing is going to change.

"Those comrades are profoundly mistaken."

Once the housecleaning started, the government-controlled Russian language daily newspaper in Tbilisi, *Zarya Vostoka* ("Dawn of the East"), kept the exposés coming almost every day.

One of them detailed how Georgian officials took control of land reserved for garden plots for factory workers, threw up high walls, and behind them built palatial private dachas—"not small cottages, but huge mansions of fantastic dimensions . . . out of a Georgian fairy tale." Another tracked down the missing money for the 21,500 apartments. The money had never left the State Committee on Home Repair and Housing Construction, which had used it to build

Bob Pelletier



hunters' lodges for committee officials. None of this log-cabin-on-a-duck-pond kind of thing, though. It seems several were made of marble. One, with a forty-five-square-yard billiards room, cost 130,000 rubles ($173,000). A second, designed to house only two couples at a time, cost more than 500,000 rubles ($665,000) to build and decorate.

According to another exposé, Shevardnadze fired Trade Minister Vahktang Tokhadze for "bad management of trade, tolerance of shortcomings, the most flagrant violations of personnel policy [meaning that most of the Tokhadze family worked for the Trade Ministry], and for showing private property tendencies [another dacha owner]."

Following Tokhadze out the door were his first deputy, who had a criminal record, the ministry's party secretary, the head of the quality-inspection department, and the director of Tbilisi's main department store. An investigation linked 70 percent of all the trade organizations in the ministry with cases of overcharging, bribery, and embezzlement. Tokhadze had the plum. He kept himself responsible for the sales of private cars, the single most precious commodity for a Soviet. Ignoring normal retail channels, he let the cars go to the highest bidder.

The trade purge, however, had an unexpected side effect and brought about Shevardnadze's first real problems with the local citizenry. The shake-up knocked out so many key officials responsible for supplying Tbilisi with food that residents used to food surpluses found themselves waiting in line in shelf-stripped stores only to be told this and that product had not arrived. The Georgians, whose concern for their stomachs runs high, took to the streets in protest. It was not until the army had been called out that the street battling was broken up. The action only served to intensify the government's new campaign:

- A party secretary, a district attorney, and a police chief were fired in the Mestiski region of the republic for covering up the rape of an assault victim by her would-be rescuer. "The level of crime is very high, and the level of solving dangerous crimes is very low," the government said.
- A campaign to curb drug abuse (rarely mentioned anywhere in the Soviet Union) was initiated, with compulsory treatment ordered for addicts and alcoholics.
- Shevardnadze tried to get Mzhava-

(Continued on page 46.)

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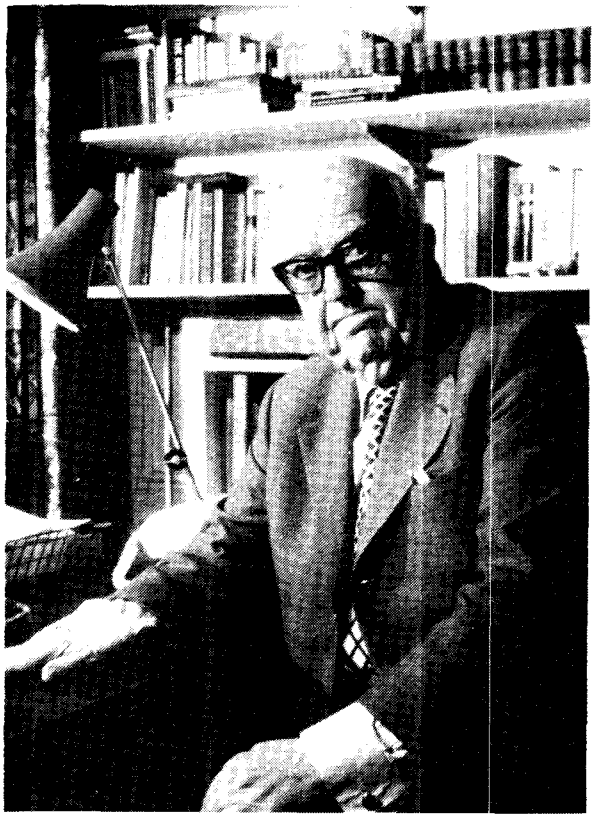

Terence Spencer

A Conversation With C.P. Snow

by J. Robert Moskin

C. P. Snow has just completed work on a novel, *The Onlookers*. The new book is independent of the series *Strangers and Brothers*, which has occupied him for more than three decades. A scientist, novelist, and playwright, Lord Snow, who is sixty-eight, is married to Pamela Hansford Johnson; her book of essays, *Important to Me*, will also be published shortly. Editor-at-large J. Robert Moskin talked with Lord Snow one recent evening at his home in Eaton Terrace, London.

As you look at it over your lifetime, how do you think the decline of Britain's influence in the world has affected creativity in Britain?

Lord Snow: On the whole, great literatures have usually come when countries are attaining their peak of power, not when they are actually *at* their peak of power, as, for instance, America has been for twenty years. I don't think that produces great literature, as a rule. People are probably at their best in times like our Elizabethan era, when England was just struggling to be important, or like the Russian nineteenth century or your nineteenth century. There is a certain vitality, a certain striving, a certain feeling that the best is not yet over.

So I would guess that any country that has felt its power decline rather sharply will feel at least an inward turn. And a lot of our writing, though extremely proficient of its kind, is turned inward more than I personally like. Turned inward in terms of minute social or personal situations, which the English have been always rather disposed to and probably are more disposed to now than they ever have been. Writers like William Trevor, Francis King, Margaret Drabble, are all great experts in a certain rather small range of experience, but extremely good at it.

There's a lot going on in English writing that is extremely proficient. You know about Iris Murdoch. Isobel English you probably don't know about, but she is really rather good in the same sense. And several of the youngish men—not *very* young, thirties, forties—Trevor, King, and Piers Paul Read. Read is distinctly good in the same way.

Now, Ronald Harwood is different, but then he's of very different origin. He's South African by birth, was there until he was seventeen, with problems that are not drawing-room problems, and that makes a difference. I think he's probably South African Jewish, so he's got additional complications. His new book is an epic novel on a very big scale indeed, as a contrast with what I am talking about. I would guess that his book would be popular in America.

Of course, when one is talking this way, one is always unfair because one always forgets names that one later kicks oneself for forgetting.

Kingsley Amis's son, Martin—I haven't read his book, but it's had good notices. And Waugh's son Auberon is even, in some ways, wilder than Waugh, which is saying a good deal. But, curiously enough, he's got very sensible views on fiction, and he's a rather good reviewer. And the same is true of his father. Though he was often at least half mad, when Waugh actually said anything about fiction, it was usually very well worth hearing and very balanced. Sort of curious division of the personality that you *can* get. And the same is true of his son. The son writes fiction that at the moment I think is not especially good, but his reviewing is most interesting.

And then J. G. Farrell is good and different. In fact, he's using things from the history of the empire, when it was an empire, but using them to exemplify the human condition and doing that with great skill and power. And his book *The Siege of Krishnapur*, which won the Booker Prize, is very good indeed.

Since most countries are overshadowed by the superpowers, why should England feel any more diminished and turned inward than anybody else?

Lord Snow: When we were at our peak, we were pretty arrogant, so I think that the world is taking it out on us now. People here feel it. It doesn't bother me very much.

After all, the great days of the country were very, very short. England was an important country in the early nineteenth century. It was the most powerful country in the world, by a long way, between about 1840 and 1870. It was as narrow as that.

The English have always been slightly ashamed of their empire. They never came to terms with it. The official classes came to terms with it because they got the jobs and could look after their sons, and so on, but it never went deep in the population. Kipling was the only first-class writer we ever had who really celebrated the empire, and he celebrated an empire that was obviously already in decline. I think of "Recessional." That was a poem about an empire in decline.

Between the wars, writers still had the confidence of the past rather strong in them, and that would be true of, say, Wells, Bennett, and, to some extent, Lawrence. He had some of this social confidence, odd fish that he was.

That is gone completely. We haven't come to terms with our destiny in the way the Swedes have, for instance.

When you speak of the English difficulty in adjusting to the loss of empire, do you mean that people are ashamed of not having an empire now, after being ashamed that they had an empire? Is shame a British characteristic?

Lord Snow: I wouldn't have said *that*. But I think they like being good, or thought to be good, at things. They are very worried about things that shouldn't worry them, such as not being anything like predominant at association football [soccer], as they think would be appropriate. In fact, though we invented almost all the games in the world—except your kind of football—we turn out not to be especially good at them in world competition. That rankles with simple people quite a lot, and the fact that

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we've been knocked out of the World Cup of association football has made much more difference than you'd think.

Of course, that is the game of the working class, strictly a working-class preserve. People of the other classes don't normally go. There is a sort of intellectual affectation to do so, but almost 95 percent of the players come from the working class. A bit, I take it, like baseball.

There's been a play, The Changing Room, *about provincial rugby.*

Lord Snow: Ah, yes. You mean David Storey, don't you? That's northern England. He's someone I forgot. He's a good writer, and so is a namesake of his, whom I don't think is related, called J. F. Storey. They're both good. J. F. Storey is purely a novelist but a good one.

Is there a spark in playwriting here?

Lord Snow: I think it's very much a minority art here. Our current playwrights are people, on the whole, writing for small theaters and small audiences. These offbeat theaters are, to an extent, subsidized. We do this on a fairly big scale now through the Arts Council. The acting, of course, is excellent, and most foreigners coming here are so impressed by the acting they may easily think that the plays are better than they are. Why the English should be good at acting is a minor mystery. They are.

The English are still really good at three things. Ceremonies, where we are unparalleled. There's no one in the world who would put on a show like the English, such as, for instance, the royal wedding. The sheer production is marvelous. That's one thing. We are very good at acting. And we're still pro rata really good at pure science—pure science, not applied science. The number of our Nobel Prizes per capita is slightly greater even than yours. That's gone on quite continuously.

Our educational system is geared to a pretty high pitch of selecting bright people early and reselecting the very brightest of them and giving them considerable rewards.

Is it less elitist than it was?

Lord Snow: It is less elitist, although I don't think *elitist* is a pejorative word. I think there's much to be said for it. I do believe in intellectual excellence. I think a society pays a very heavy price if it stops thinking that intellectual excellence is a good thing.

"A lot of writers get praise because they are the sort of writers that the modern academic apparatus is used to coping with—purely verbal performers."

I was using the term to mean excluding people who may have merit.

Lord Snow: Oh. Well, that really has never been as sharp as even people who know us well, like you, would think. An awful lot of the great names in English science came from the humblest origin. Faraday sold books as an assistant; he came from the real working class. Rutherford's father was an odd-job handyman in New Zealand. J. J. Thompson's father was a very small tradesman in Bolton, Lancashire. That sort of thing.

The system was geared to pick out the very bright. It obviously helped if you had a good social start. But in my time in Cambridge, in the Twenties and Thirties, the number of fellows of colleges from very humble origins was very large. And this went back much further than my time.

That was always an illusion people had of us and, indeed, that people inside England had of the society. In fact, Oxford and Cambridge in the Twenties, though they had many rich young men who were idle and did nothing, had an awful lot of industrious boys from humble homes. We tend to be more interested in people's family origins than Americans would be.

How do you see the American literary scene from here? Are we past our peak too?

Lord Snow: I think you passed your peak by the time of Hawthorne or, at the latest, Dreiser. I think you were very much better than you were thought to be in the nineteenth century and the early twentieth and very much worse than you were thought to be since then. It's a bit like Augustan Rome: Because you are the most powerful country in the world, your writing has to be the best; exactly what the Romans thought. And they persuaded all other countries that this was true. I very much doubt it.

You had some very good people, and you've got some now. Some of the Jewish writers—my friends Bellow and Malamud—would seem to me excellent writers.

Not Mailer?

Lord Snow: I think he has great histrionic gifts. Now, that's a bit snide, and I don't want to be snide. In a different climate he probably would have been a first-class semirealistic novelist of the type of Victor Hugo or parts of Dickens. But he's been seduced by all the apparatus of modern media, journalism, and everything else. Money is a bit too easy to make from that. I'm perfectly prepared to believe that Dickens in modern America with *his* particular histrionic talents would have found easier ways of making a fortune than by writing novels.

There is some feeling in America that fiction is becoming journalized. Is that true here also?

Lord Snow: Yes. Journalism plus, of course, a very high and peculiar academic distortion, which is probably part of the whole Western scene but is particularly strong in America. A lot of writers get much praise because they happen to be the sort of writers that the modern academic apparatus is used to coping with—purely verbal performers. It can deal with them when it would be utterly incapable of dealing with, say, Tolstoy—whose actual prose, though very good, is not the first thing of interest. Quite unlike, say, Joyce, where it is obviously the first thing of interest. And when you get a good realistic writer like, say, James Gould Cozzens, you don't know what to do with him. If he had been a nineteenth-century writer, he'd be far better known than he is now.

Where is realism today?

Lord Snow: Well, in the West it is largely out, of course. It's certainly out of fashion, except in its journalistic phase, as you just said. But serious realism, so to speak, is going through a bad phase. It may return. I would regard it as a hopeful sign if it does return.

How would you identify the present era of writers?

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Lord Snow: I should call it romantic expressionism or something like that. Most very good writers aren't only concerned about expressing themselves or confessing themselves. Yet that is certainly the most prevalent modern mode—I think of confessional poetry and so on. That's really comparatively recent. And we should get tired of it before long. None of us has all that much to confess, and it's not all that interesting when we do. It gets very repetitious.

I think there are faint signs of change. One feels it just trembling in the air. I believe that there will be a return of a fairly sophisticated realism—not naturalism, realism.

Realism I should define as when the writer, or the artist of any kind, actually shapes his material in the way that he thinks corresponds to reality and just doesn't slap it down: the difference between James T. Farrell and Proust. Proust was the great, final example of the classical realistic writer of this century. Malamud, except when he's playing the symbols, writes extremely good realistic novels of the type I am indicating, and Bellow too, probably again when he's not playing with a sort of symbolism.

Do you then regard literary realism as a higher classification than romantic expressionism?

Lord Snow: Subjectively, yes. Objectively, if you press me, then I should be more doubtful. We are all guided by our temperaments and the thing that we love and understand. For me, the great novelists are, on the whole, the great nineteenth-century novelists, ending with Proust.

What are you busy with yourself at the moment?

Lord Snow: I have just finished a novel called *The Onlookers*. Scribner's will be bringing it out in America some time in the fall. The book is about people rather like ourselves. They are all surveying their world. In fact, it has a certain prophetic interest. Although it's been written over the last two years, it deals with much of what we are now walking into, which gives me a certain mild pleasure. In fact, a lot of things I say seem only too true now. But also it has a good deal to do with money, because money is the thing that in the Western world we're all too prudish to write about. When you cease to be prudish about sex, you have to be prudish about something; so we've become prudish about money. I've lived in this world, but I wouldn't think of talking around a dinner table about sex as I've often heard it done in America. On the other hand, Americans would blush to think that money can be discussed.

My relation with Scribner's is, by the way, one of the happiest relations I've ever had with any publisher. Twenty years—that's a long time. Of course, there's an old English saying that you ought to think more seriously about changing your publisher than about changing your wife. People think that somebody else will do better or get more money, but you want some continuity for a real literary life.

My impression is that the secret is to find the right editor with whom you can work and feel comfortable.

Lord Snow: Editors are nothing like as important here. But the thing is spreading as a matter of fact. The younger writers are probably edited by English editors rather as they are in America; but when we started, that wasn't true.

I think it's partly the American veneration for the coach, which is also happening here. When I first went to America, which is now a helluva long time ago, thirty-six years ago, I went to see various games, and I was astonished to find the coach figured much more importantly than anyone performing.

I remember being in Sicily earlier, before I went to America. I had made some American acquaintances, and I found one morning they were all in a state of extraordinary despair. Why were they in despair? Because Knute Rockne had been killed in an air crash.

At that time, they had absolutely no comparable figure in England, other than one of our great cricketers—if he died people would have been sad, but they would never have heard of anyone behind the scenes.

When we lived in Berkeley for six months, Berkeley had a disastrous football team, and after each successive loss, people used to go and demonstrate loyalty to the coach—a public demonstration of feeling. Quite astonishing.

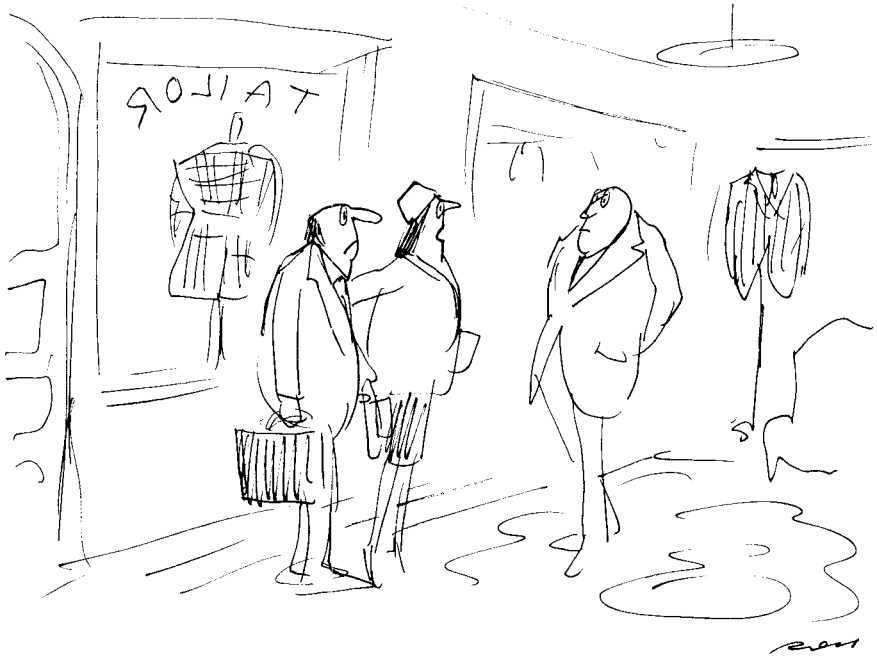
It's now spreading in this country. Our football managers are beginning to have the prominence that your coaches have had for generations.

That may be why you're so good at doing musicals. It is obviously a thing where this kind of manipulation is extremely important.

I have been wondering what your thinking is now about the young generation.

Lord Snow: Yes, that's interesting. There's a pretty sharp distinction here between what you might call the generation of the Sixties, which was purely free expression, permissive, anarchic, and so on, and the one of people in their early twenties and younger today, who are far more interested in making something and traveling and doing something

(Continued on page 47.)



"He's a dignitary. Make him look like one."

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BOOKS

The Inner Man of Monticello

THOMAS JEFFERSON:
AN INTIMATE HISTORY
by Fawn M. Brodie
Norton, 604 pp., $12.50

Reviewed by Alan Green

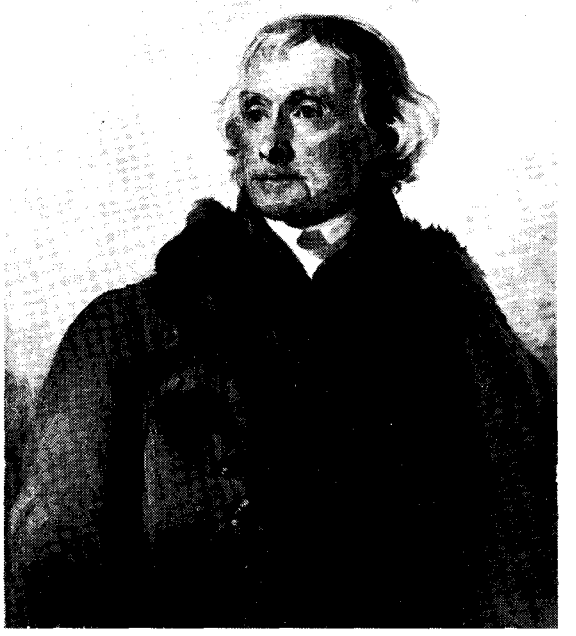
In his brilliantly acerbic novel *Burr*, Gore Vidal has Aaron Burr say of Thomas Jefferson, "In all his words if not deeds Jefferson was so beautifully human, so eminently vague, so entirely dishonest. . . ." Readers familiar with only the heroic no-warts portraits of Jefferson as painted by schoolteachers and by some of his biographers may think that Vidal had no basis for this Burr's-eye view of Jefferson. But basis there was: Jefferson himself. An idealist, at once noble and dedicated, he was also sometimes self-serving and, in several crises, detached. A man of the Enlightenment, he was nonetheless victim of the rigid standards of his society.

Fawn M. Brodie—professor of history at UCLA, biographer of Sir Richard Burton, Thaddeus Stevens, and Joseph Smith—applying intuition to scholarship and employing the methods of modern psychology, sets forth a Jefferson so real, human, and fallible as to make his feats of intellect and character the more heroic and his moody and repressive traits understandable complements of his greatness.

Lest those timid of post-Freudian approach be deterred, it should be made clear that Fawn Brodie's *Thomas Jefferson* is a full and fully detailed biography. The antecedents, the politics, the events, the rivalries, and the controversies all are here. But she had reason to subtitle her work *An Intimate History*. She writes, "The idea that a man's inner life affects every aspect of his intellectual life and also his decision-making should need no defense today." And, "Once one accepts the premise that a man's inner life has a continuing impact upon his public life, then the whole unfolding tapestry of Jefferson's life is remarkably illuminated."

Jefferson was big in stature and appeared physically strong; yet, at crucial hours, he was beset by migraine and suffered from dysentery. Time and again in his career he mysteriously withdrew from public life. Once he deserted the Virginia House of Burgesses and remained away from critical debate. He disappeared from Philadelphia soon after his Declaration was proclaimed and did not reappear in national politics for six years. Late in the Revolution, while governor of Virginia, he suddenly fled to his beloved Monticello—not to emerge until his wife, whose threatened and actual miscarriages once again had brought him home guiltily, at last died, leaving him not merely bereft but also, for a while, senseless. And then eight weeks later, he came to sudden new life, departed as minister to France with his daughter Martha, fell tempestuously in love with Maria Cosway, reckless of what her painter-husband or the world might think. It was "one love affair he was clearly willing to share with history." And the only one. When he sent for another of his daughters to join him in Paris, she came attended by a beautiful, "swiftly maturing young woman" named Sally Hemings. Sally was his late wife's half-sister, and she represented "all that had been alluring and forbidden in the world of his childhood." She was a quadroon. She was a slave.

Years later James Thomson Callender, a notorious, scandal-mongering journalist, crowned his attacks on Jefferson and his party by printing, with vicious comment, the story that had long been whispered: Sally Hemings was Jefferson's concubine and, over many years, had borne him numerous children. Only a few decades later, Richard Johnson, Martin Van Buren's vice-president, would publicly acknowledge his black mistress and proudly introduce their children to the world. But that was in the afterglow of the age of Jackson. At the turn of the eighteenth century, Jefferson felt compelled to deny by stony silence the rumored scandal, and—after his death—



Portrait by Thomas Sully. Courtesy of The American Philosophical Society

Thomas Jefferson at seventy-eight—A decent respect for future generations.

"It's nice to hear that you're running for reelection. Wonderful news! You may be assured that you have our best wishes and full moral support—and may the best man win!"

Novelist Alan Green is the author of the recently published Mother of Her Country.

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his family issued long, loud, and elaborate denials. They insisted, for instance, that Jefferson had been far away when Sally's children were conceived, but Jefferson's own records make clear his presence. Dumas Malone, in his great multivolume *Jefferson and His Time,* refers to Sally as Jefferson's "alleged mistress." Fawn Brodie, at least to this juror, proves the allegation. She proves it less by any single unqualified historical fact than by a fine web of subtle references by Jefferson and his family, by Sally and—especially and explicitly—her children, by Jefferson's intimate friends, and by acute outside observers. She proves it also by noting strange omissions in the record—most often the record that Jefferson kept. It is a web of circumstance, but it is various and compelling.

If Sally Hemings had been a passing episode in Jefferson's life, Professor Brodie's case would scarcely be worth the effort. But Jefferson was long involved with her, and she was pivotal to his dichotomous attitude toward slavery. He wished to keep her in secret yet to free her (he never did) and to see that his descendants from her would gain freedom (many did) and education (some acquired it—even beyond his expressed belief that blacks should be taught to read but not to write lest they thus learn to forge documents!). But this particular ambivalence is only one element of Jefferson's complexity, from which Fawn Brodie builds her "intimate history."

The space and scholarship she gives Jefferson's life before and during the time of Sally Hemings illuminate some of the least-revealed aspects of Jefferson and his career. She brings new understanding to his relationship with Washington and to his rivalries with Hamilton and Burr; to his painful break with John Adams and to his never-healed breach with Abigail; to his careless extravagances and to his gnawing worry over his constant indebtedness; to his eternal inner struggle between the appeals of aristocracy and democracy; to his statement about slavery, "All men are born free," written six years before he expressed the same conviction in the Declaration and a half-century before he died a slaveholder; to his eight-month regression to Monticello in 1775–76, during which he left even his journal blank and from which he emerged to write, in a six-week burst, the constitution for Virginia and the Declaration of Independence; to his love of French cooking and fine wines while dining abstemiously. And, final anomaly, to his doubts about his right to hold us to his own great precepts, presumably even to the Declaration itself. For, in 1789, writing to Madison, he wondered "whether one generation of men has the right to bind another. . . . The earth belongs to the living not the dead."

When Jefferson in old age was retired at Monticello, he was visited by Margaret Bayard Smith, knowing observer of her time and society. Evidently they talked long and intimately, for Jefferson finally said to her, "The whole of my life has been a war with my natural taste, feelings, and wishes." And then this man, whose political prime-moving, extraordinary pen, and lifelong devotion to his personal trinity—Newton, Locke, and Bacon—swept America toward freedom and democracy, added that his inclinations had ever been to "domestic life and pursuits." Margaret Smith may have been among the first to gain such intimate revelation of Jefferson. Fawn Brodie is the latest and perhaps the most understanding. □

Teilhard de Chardin & the Hindu Traditions.

EVOLUTION TOWARD DIVINITY

by BEATRICE BRUTEAU

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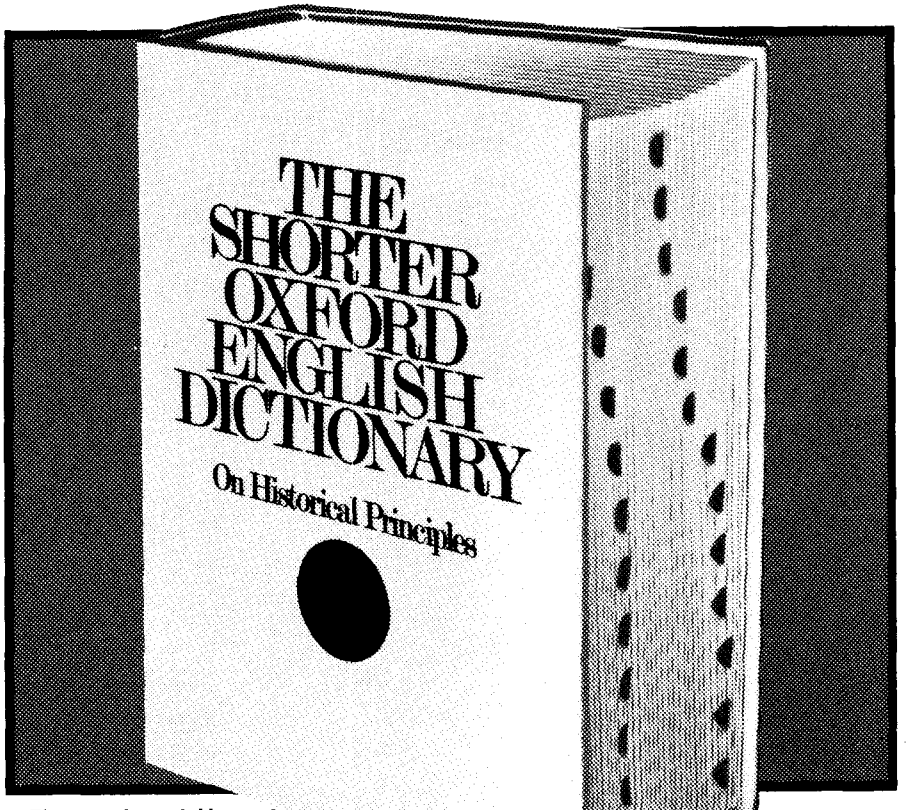

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Politics by Other Means

THE IMPERIAL PRESIDENCY
by Arthur Schlesinger
Houghton Mifflin Company, 505 pp., $10.00

Reviewed by Jeane Kirkpatrick

We move quickly in America from political conflict to constitutional controversy. The authority and ambiguity of the Constitution encourage recourse to its provisions to strengthen an argument or to prove a point. Since no given division of powers can be proved to be exactly what the Founding Fathers had in mind, dissatisfaction with incumbents is readily translated into dissatisfaction with the balance of power among the branches of government. Not only does constitutional debate seem more serious, more elevated, than simple criticism of personalities, but also the constitutional argument can be made to reinforce the case against particular incumbents. Thus, in the Thirties liberals were not content to excoriate the conservative judges who found the New Deal unconstitutional; they also questioned whether the Constitution had *really* given the Supreme Court the power to review statutes passed by the representatives of the people, and they proposed reforms ranging from packing the court to outlawing judicial review. Three decades later it was conservatives, stimulated by the "permissive" decisions of the Warren court, who worried about the judicial usurpation of legislative power. We are witnessing today a comparable shift in attitudes toward the presidency. Liberals, who for decades were articulate champions of presidential power, have become increasingly sensitive to the dangers of concentrating power in the executive department, while conservatives, long jealous of executive encroachments on congressional power, have lately opposed bills that aim to limit presidential initiative in foreign affairs. The Nixon presidency has won more liberals to the cause of legislative supremacy than have all the constitutional arguments of the century.

Arthur Schlesinger, longtime friend and warm supporter of presidential power, understands this very well, but the knowledge does not inhibit him. In his new book, *The Imperial Presidency*, Schlesinger argues that presidential power has finally been so expanded and abused that it threatens the constitutional system. Richard Nixon, he asserts, ". . . not only had an urgent psychological need for exemption from the democratic process. He also boldly sensed a historical opportunity to transform the presidency —to consolidate within the White House all the powers, as against Congress, as against the electorate, as against the rest of the executive branch itself, that a generation of foreign and domestic turbulence had chaotically delivered to the presidency."

Frank English
Schlesinger—Friend and foe of Presidents.

Nixon, Schlesinger argues, not only expanded presidential power in the manner of many of his predecessors but also usurped power, violating the requirements for separation of powers, threatening to replace constitutional government with executive autocracy. To prove his case, he goes where everyone concerned with the proper distribution of power in American government must go—back to the Founding Fathers.

It is not hard to demonstrate that the farsighted, creative men who wrote the Constitution feared the concentration and abuse of political power and took pains to devise a political system which divided power vertically, between the states and national government, and horizontally, among the branches of the latter. Nor is it difficult to trace the expansion of presidential power through successive more or less real emergencies, more or less clear and present dangers. Edward S. Corwin's masterful work on the office and powers of the President (much cited by Schlesinger) broke this ground several decades ago. Schlesinger warns us in the foreword that much of his material is "a thrice-told tale" but feels that it provides the necessary context for the consideration of contemporary problems. Of course, Schlesinger does not merely recount constitutional history; he selects, interprets, and judges.

Bertrand Russell once noted that all the observation and experimentation of animal behavior had produced few surprises because "one may say broadly that all the animals that have been carefully observed have behaved so as to confirm the philosophy in which the observer believed before his observations began." So it is with Schlesinger's Presidents. Those whom we knew to be his heroes —especially Franklin Roosevelt and John F. Kennedy—fare very well in this new recapitulation of the development of the presidency. And vice versa. It is not entirely clear why this should be the case. Franklin Roosevelt was hardly a strict constructionist. Instead, he combined an expansive conception of presidential powers with a nearly total disdain for the Supreme Court and its constitutional requirements. The famous "destroyer deal," undertaken in May 1940 in disregard of an explicit congressional injunction against providing matériel to belligerents, may have been desirable and farsighted, but Corwin was probably right when he called it "an endorsement of unrestrained autocracy in the field of our foreign relations." (At least those new converts to strict construction, Senators Fulbright and Church, think so.) Schlesinger, who is especially concerned that Presidents should not have the power to involve the nation in war, justifies as legitimate uses of emergency powers the "destroyer deal" and a series of subsequent unilateral presidential initiatives that took the United States to the edge of war. He does not apply to Roosevelt's acts the tests by which he judges Truman, Lyndon Johnson, and Nixon guilty of the illegitimate use of emergency powers.

The judgment merits scrutiny. However monstrous, Hitler in early 1940 did not constitute a "sudden," "direct," or

(Continued on next page.)

Jeane Kirkpatrick is a professor of political science at Georgetown University and senior author of a research project, now in progress, on the 1972 political conventions.

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"immediate" threat to the United States. In issuing the "shoot on sight" orders to our convoys, Roosevelt did not act "in the case of a neighboring country or an imminent invasion of the United States." In early 1940 it was Britain whose life was threatened, not the United States. The purpose of these remarks is not to suggest that Roosevelt was wrong, but to recall that in the year-and-a-half before Pearl Harbor, Roosevelt, claiming emergency powers in a situation in which the survival of the nation was not immediately threatened, repeatedly took actions that risked involving the nation in war and took them, moreover, without consulting or accurately informing a Congress which would certainly have disapproved. Schlesinger's willingness to accept Roosevelt's justification for these and later unilateral claims of presidential power illustrates the flexibility of his criteria.

Indeed Schlesinger applies not a double standard but a whole host of standards in approving and disapproving Presidents' behavior. Though very tough on other cold-war Presidents, he hardly glances at John F. Kennedy. The Bay of Pigs, a clear-cut case of unilateral presidential action that might have involved the nation in war, is brusquely dismissed with a reference to the prevailing atmosphere. That atmosphere, incidentally, had some curious characteristics. Almost no one seems to have been himself. Congress was "mesmerized" by the "supposed need for instant responses," and Congress and the executive alike accepted executive supremacy "as if under hypnosis." This hypnosis hypothesis contributes a fascinating new dimension to our understanding of how "the best and the brightest" made so many mistakes in those years. Otherwise, Schlesinger finds Kennedy's action in the Cuban missile crisis an example of the justified and successful use of emergency powers.

Kennedy is the only one of the post–World War II Presidents who on this reading is not found guilty of having arrogated new powers to the presidency. Even Eisenhower, when he finally got around to resisting Joe McCarthy's guerrilla war on the executive departments, made new claims—"the most absolute assertion of presidential right to withhold information from Congress ever uttered to that day in American history." Korea "beguiled" Truman into making, and Congress into accepting, "an unprecedented claim for inherent presidential power to go to war." Meanwhile the Taft-Coudert Amendment, which prohibited committing U.S. troops abroad "in advance of aggression solely by executive decision," was beaten back by such presidential liberals as Paul Douglas, J. W. Fulbright, Herbert Lehman, Wayne Morse.

"Not THE Hansel and Gretel?"

Under Lyndon Johnson, violation and distortion of the Constitution proceeded apace. John Kennedy's dispatch of 16,000 American "advisers" to Vietnam "took place under familiar arrangements for military assistance based on congressional legislation and appropriation," and so created no problem even though a good many of these "advisers" found their way into combat. But "there were no serious precedents" for Johnson's decision to send 22,000 combat troops and to start bombing without a declaration of war by Congress. "There was of course the Tonkin Gulf resolution, rushed through Congress in August 1964 in a stampede of misinformation and misconception, if not of deliberate deception." But Johnson, Schlesinger confides, "did not believe for a moment that the resolution provided the legal basis for his action." Schlesinger does not doubt that Johnson could have had a declaration of war for the asking, but he does not give him any credit for the desire to limit the conflict by not formally declaring war and "scaring the hell out of the people."

Bad as they were, Johnson's offenses pale beside those of his successor. For Schlesinger, Watergate is only the symptom of a much more serious constitutional crisis. Schlesinger's Nixon is a "genuine revolutionary" bent on transforming the American system of government by checks and balances into a plebiscitary presidentialist regime with himself cast as Louis Napoleon or

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Charles de Gaulle. Watergate symbolizes the revolutionary presidency, the theory of presidential power that places the President above the Constitution.

It is easy enough to demonstrate that Richard Nixon has attempted to arrogate new, objectionable, and probably unconstitutional powers to the presidency. But, in a context that stresses the progressive concentration of powers in the chief executive and the questionable actions of his predecessors, it is not easy to demonstrate that Nixon is a "revolutionary." There is also the problem of the relationship between the "imperial presidency," which the author tells us was "essentially a creation of foreign policy," and the "revolutionary presidency," which presumably is the creation of the present incumbent. Sometimes the terms are used as if synonymous. Perhaps the explanation is that Schlesinger's distress with the Nixon administration has led him to exaggerate when he calls Nixon a revolutionary. Perhaps he means to say that Nixon's new claims accelerated the trend to executive autocracy and that the cumulative impact on the system of concentrating so much power in the presidency has produced a constitutional crisis.

Certainly Schlesinger's distress is acute. He deplores Nixon's staff, his style, his policies. He reproaches Nixon for constitutional offenses: attempting to circumvent the will of Congress by impoundment, abusing executive privileges, continuing the war in Vietnam after the repeal of the Tonkin Gulf resolution, conducting an air war in Cambodia after the withdrawal of American troops. He holds him squarely responsible for the criminal offenses of his subordinates. He reproaches him for his solitary habits; for his immoderate concern with leaks; for his tendency to see enemies everywhere, to exaggerate dangers, to misuse "national security"; for his choice of a cabinet; for his expansion of the White House staff; and above all for his debasement of the White House ethos ("this was not the White House we had known"). Repeatedly Schlesinger raises the question, Has not the time come for impeachment? His answer: "Only condign punishment would restore popular faith in the presidency and deter future Presidents from illegal conduct." Laws limiting presidential authority will not solve the problem and might, furthermore, have the undesirable effect of limiting some future Roosevelt. Only impeachment, as object lesson as well as punishment, can make Watergate "the best thing to have happened to the presidency in a long time." That, plus the reinvigoration of Congress and the people, would ensure us against the revolutionary presidency—provided that we also elect the right sort of man to the office.

Writing books (like making war) may be a continuation of politics by other means. This is a political book written to influence the way we feel and think about the current scene. It is as timely as the moment, and the passion of the author adds zest to his writing. But the fact that Arthur Schlesinger is one of the most prolific and honored historians of the period does not make this a scholarly work. Schlesinger is also a political man who has strong views and a personal stake in many of the events of our times.

His antipathy for Richard Nixon is of long standing and great intensity. It leads him to some omissions, some hyperbole, some purple prose, and some unfair argument. To describe the establishment of a volunteer army as though there had been no popular discontent with the draft, no clamor in Congress for its end, as though the whole policy derived from Nixon's desire to "solve the problem of the undependable army" and "liberate Presidents for a wider range of foreign adventure," is to engage in fantasy. So is the suggestion that price and wage controls were undertaken as a way to gain "even more power."

To imply that if it were functioning properly, the U.S. government would more nearly resemble the Fourth, rather than the Fifth, French Republic is quite simply incredible. To assert that the American middle class was unconcerned about the Indochina war "as long as the Americans killing and dying in Vietnam were sons of poor whites and poor blacks" is an unhistorical calumny (albeit a fashionable one). To argue that the Tonkin Gulf resolution did not constitute congressional authorization for the Vietnam war but that its repeal made the war less legal is farfetched.

The list could easily be extended, but its only purpose is to illustrate what a knowledgeable reader will readily see for himself: that, in *The Imperial Presidency,* Arthur Schlesinger is writing as a partisan of a particular interpretation of recent times. Some Nixon haters will love this book, and supporters of the Nixon cause (if such remain) will scorn it. Persons seeking a balanced discussion of the presidency are advised to look elsewhere. □

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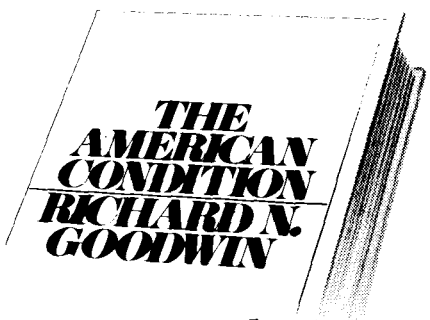
—Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

Richard Goodwin's book is about the age-old dream to be free versus the urge to create political, national, and bureaucratic systems which limit freedom and often kill it. And it is an urgent, chilling warning that our own freedom is now threatened by institutions we can't control. "In a most comprehensive and humane fashion, one of our most perceptive political commentators here examines nothing less than the end products of the assumptions which guided this country for two hundred years... A work of key importance."

—Publishers Weekly



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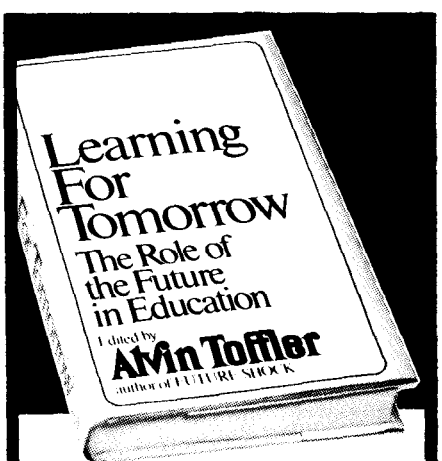

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RANDOM HOUSE

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

A Slangy Fellow

Translating Catullus seems to be the principal spare-time occupation of academics familiar with Latin. There are nine in print; to name them: Loeb, Copely, Gregory, Michie, Ormsby, Sisson, Swanson, Whigham, and Zukofsky. Among the ones I know, I favor the Sisson, but here comes a strong contender, a new translation, *Selected Poems of Catullus* by Carl Sesar, professor of Asian languages at Wesleyan (Mason & Lipscomb, May). For the purists, the Latin of each poem is on the facing page. Catullus was a slangy fellow, and Sesar has translated it neatly to our century:

Come, let's you and me live it up, Lesbia,
and make some love, and let old cranks
go and cheap talk their fool heads off.
Maybe suns can set and come back up again,
but once the brief light goes out on us
the night's one long sleep forever.
First give me a kiss, a thousand kisses,
then a hundred, and then a thousand more,
then another hundred, and another
thousand,
and keep kissing and kissing me so many
times
we get all mixed up and can't count
anymore,
that way nobody can give us the evil eye
trying to figure how many kisses we've got.

Amis Is as Good as a Smile

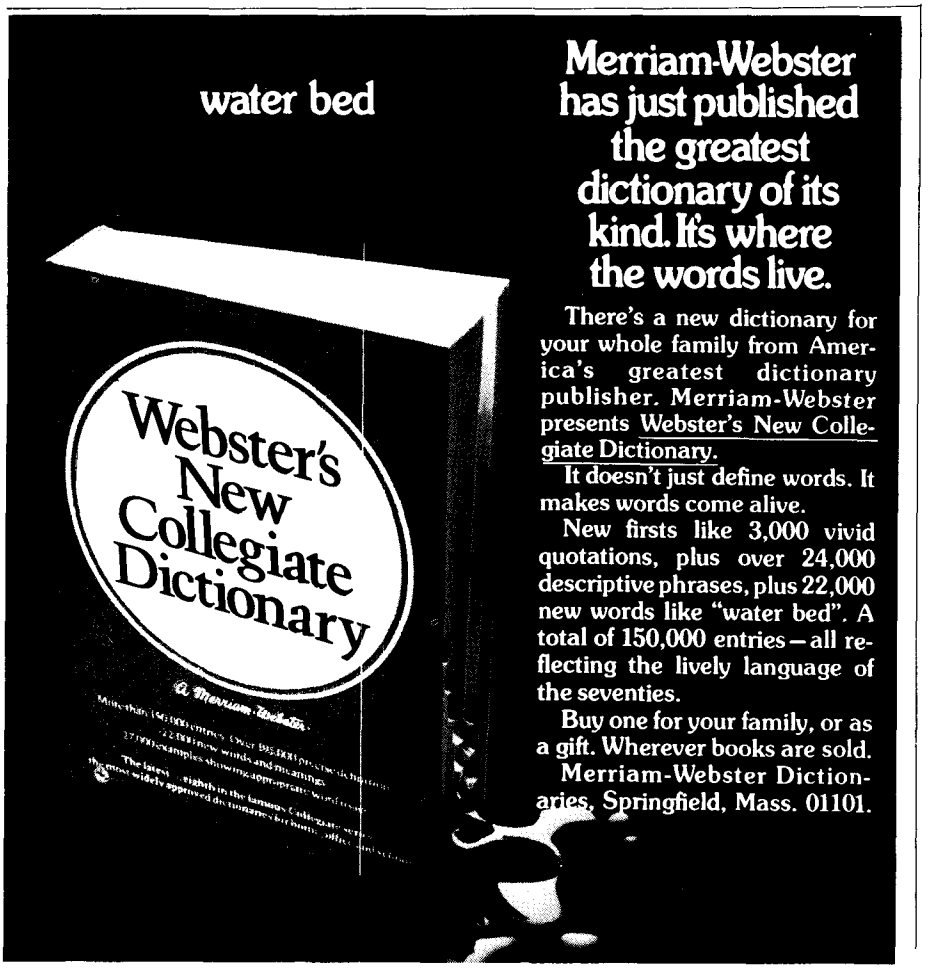
Dreadful pun, that headline, but who could resist when here's a funny first novel, *The Rachel Papers*, by Kingsley Amis's twenty-five-year-old son, Martin (Knopf, mid-April). Early on you get a line like: "The thing is that I am a member of that sad, ever-dwindling minority . . . the child of an unbroken home." It's about the pursuit and seduction of black-haired Rachel Seth-Smith by twenty-year-old Charles Highway. A lot of anti-American digs, such as we're used to from that other father-and-son team, Evelyn and Auberon, and I counted seventeen Briticisms that aren't in either of my trots, *British Self-Taught* by Norman S. Schur (Macmillan, 1973) and *What's the Difference* by Norman Moss (Harper & Row, 1973). There are observations and outrages to make you laugh out loud. Here he is on a young man's universal problem:

At three thirty I was standing dressed in front of the mirror. Eyes narrowed, I scouted for spots. All clear. I'm not troubled by straight acne so much as by occasional sub-surface hugies, the ones that spend two days coming up and two weeks going down. An old favourite was the Cyclopean egg which put in regular appearances between my eyes, giving me a monobrowed mass-murderer's expression. But no big boys in town at the moment.

Sing, Sing, Sing, Sing

The best book I've ever read about singing—and if you're a singer or a listener, rush out and order it—is Robert Rushmore's *The Singing Voice* (Apollo Editions, paper, $1.95). It has everything you could ever think of wanting to know about opera and lieder singers and singing. For another kind of singing, we have coming up *The Great American Popular Singers* by Henry Pleasants (Simon & Schuster, April 12). A chapter for each of twenty-two singers, and plenty of room for controversy: Crosby, Sinatra, Billie Holiday, Louis Armstrong, yes; but why under the word *great* do we have Barbra Streisand, Elvis Presley, Jimmie Rodgers? And I'll take Buddy Clark or Lotte Lenya (neither so much as mentioned in passing) over almost anybody in the book. As I said, this is a subject mad with prejudices. Here's an acute paragraph, but it doesn't mention Gene Kelly or Ray Bolger:

It works both ways. Many actors, suddenly required to sing, as Rex Harrison was in *My Fair Lady*, sing better than most singers, simply because they understand language, prosody, phrasing, pacing, and building. Fred Astaire is another example of an artist (primarily a dancer) who has sung more persuasively than most singers sing. The same may be said of Marlene Dietrich, Walter Huston, Lee Marvin, and Fats Waller. □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FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 7

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle.

Answer on page 45.

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KTROGYTO NL QNKFYCYQ'O
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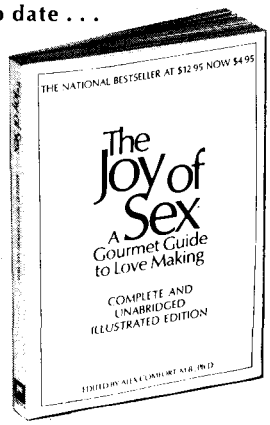
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Books in Brief

BEYOND
by I. A. Richards
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 201 pp., $8.50

I. A. Richards's *Principles of Literary Criticism* was first published in 1925; its "companion volume," *Practical Criticism,* appeared four years later. The two works are generally acknowledged by contemporary literary scholars as having helped to lay the foundations for the New Criticism, a way of looking at literature that places the evidence of close textual analysis above external considerations like the author's biography or the sociological or historical circumstances of a work's composition.

Richards says of the works he considers in *Beyond,* including the *Iliad,* the *Republic,* the Bible, and the poetry of Dante, Blake, and Shelley: "These books and their offspring have made us what we are—for good or evil. We can hardly become better without taking better account of them." What Richards argues is that the shaping concepts and values of our civilization have originated in its great books. Literary critics, however, have often avoided the central questions posed in a text, thus obscuring the deepest implications of our literature in what Richards has referred to elsewhere as "the chaos of critical theories."

Looking closely at the "models for human conduct" embodied in Western literature, Richards finds the central myths of the Judeo-Christian tradition responsible for the present extreme plight of the world. The emphasis, for example, in the Book of Job and the *Divine Comedy,* on an omniscient, judgmental, and tyrannical God is seen by Richards as having stifled the human impulse to search for knowledge and "the good," making us willing, instead, to accept a Biblical image of Authority that "has a peculiar evil in attributing all our woes to a failure to obey *blindly* a command from a Ruler who is depicted as manifestly arbitrary, irresponsible, incompetent, and unjust." Richards, needless to say, does not advocate our doing away with the world's greatest literature; he says, rather, that if we re-examine the sources of our ideas and values, we may enrich and even redirect the course of human endeavor.

Beyond is a work of extraordinary complexity, at its most dazzling when Richards is adhering most closely to his texts. Because, however, he is radically insecure when it comes to assertions about what we can know and what we can value, a great deal of his discussion is necessarily preoccupied with internal, inaccessible, and, at times, obfuscating arguments whose purpose, in a sense, is merely to validate the critic's right to make judgments about literature and its significance in the first place. The New Criticism, which began in an attempt to develop a language that could address itself with scientific exactitude to the "meaning" of literary works in themselves, from the beginning has been in danger of making these works seem totally divorced from the world of actual experience. *Beyond* is a brilliant display of erudition, dedication, and intelligence; nevertheless, it is a book primarily for Richards's colleagues and students, a technical manual that even an amateur deeply devoted to literature is likely to find hopelessly removed from anything he has ever thought or wondered about books.

JANE LARKIN CRAIN

•

LAUGHTER IN DARKNESS
by Robert O'Neil Bristow
Crown, 224 pp., $6.95

Laughter in Darkness is set in the sleepy and straitlaced college town of Hampton Hills, South Carolina. Mitchell Ashley, the novel's protagonist, is an English instructor and aspiring young writer who has been blinded by an optic disease. "Self-sufficient to the point of being offensive," Mitchell acknowledges only one dependency, and this is on Bruce Smith, his singularly undisciplined and slightly alcoholic seeing-eye dog. The novel is basically a variation on the theme of boy-meets-girl, and most of the plot's energy derives from the devel-

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oping relationship between Mitchell and his more or less "steady" girl friend, Georgia, a very smart and sexy young graduate assistant. Supporting roles are well played by Hubert Peak, Mitchell's overly solicitous, but extraordinarily decent, roommate; Hubert's fiancée, Arlene, a savvy "old-fashioned girl" from the Bible Belt; and numerous minor characters whom Mitchell and Bruce encounter in their peripatetic adventures.

The dangers risked in a story like this one are obvious, ranging from "black-comedy" morbidity on the one hand to mawkishness on the other. Miraculously, though, Robert Bristow has taken some rather inauspicious ingredients and created a novel that works. Its structure is simple but beautifully articulated, and the characterizations (really the novel's greatest strength) are full, complex, and deeply realized. Its unfortunate title notwithstanding, *Laughter in Darkness* is a very funny, very tender novel, expansive in spirit and evocative in ways that are both subtle and rare. J.L.C.

•

TENDER LOVING GREED
by Mary Adelaide Mendelson
Houghton Mifflin, 169 pp., $6.95

This slashing exposé decries the corruption that permeates the nursing-home industry, leaving patients abused and neglected and the operators of the homes waxing fat on the riches of exploitation. Miss Mendelson shows that Medicare and Medicaid have put federal funds into the hands of the sick and aged but have not protected them against systematic abuses. And so they have been beset by an army of predators—among them the home operators, doctors, pharmacies, and hospital suppliers. The fraudulent tactics of these collusionists are legion: equipment installed to satisfy legal requirements but left unused; padded bills; kickbacks from pharmacies and funeral homes that play ball with the nursing homes. Their motto seems to be Minimum Care, Maximum Reimbursement.

In a series of rogues' gallery sketches Miss Mendelson introduces us to some of the con men who operate these homes. Then, just when you think you've grasped the complexity of their medical-financial two-timing, she tells you about the real fat cats: the invisible owners, chain operators, and stock manipulators.

In the end it becomes clear that nursing homes are big business. A business that sent its "fevered Fifties" stocks soaring in the 1969 market and led one stock analyst to observe: "No one can lose money in this business." And, from this telling, its operations have been left unhampered by government restraint, for Miss Mendelson points an unwavering finger of indictment at an indolent government that neglects the "helpless patients and the taxpayers' money that are in its charge." Altogether, a stirring, searing study of a shameful situation.

SUSAN HEATH

•

THE DARWINIAN INVERSION
by Stefan Bronowicz
Ayeff Daye Press, Dublin,
466 pp., $8.00

Professor Bronowicz presents additional evidence to support the thesis to which he has devoted his entire professional life; namely, that apes are an offshoot, and not the progenitors, of the human race. This book contains photographs of artifacts and skeletons which, according to carbon 14 tests, are more than 250,000 years old and which, Professor Bronowicz contends, verify the hypothesis of a Darwinian inversion. Essentially, this hypothesis holds that the earth a long time ago was subjected to a series of violent shocks, accompanied by a high level of radioactivity, and that the effect on human genes was to produce a vast quantity of monsters, or what we commonly regard as apes, monkeys, and baboons. The only material presented by Dr. Bronowicz that is different from that contained in his previous works has to do with DNA skeins observed under electron-microscopes. These human skeins or strands, when subjected to bombardment by radioactive uranium isotopes, bear a close relationship to existing skeins taken from living apes and monkeys. Despite the respectful attention being given to his work by the "New Anthropologists" of the British Institute of Biological Studies, Dr. Bronowicz's theories are not likely to upset the prevailing views. K. JASON SITEWELL

ANSWER TO MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 45

L. G. PINE:
THE STORY OF SURNAMES

The numerous varieties of "bottom," such as Ramsbotham, Winterbottom, Longbottom, do not refer to the lower part of the body, but to the variety of bottom or vale which was so important in an agricultural community.

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possibly rest on our laurels.

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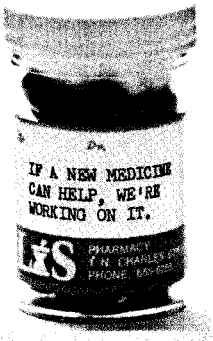

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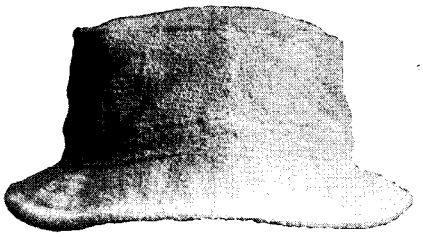

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Curmudgeon-at-Large

by Cleveland Amory

Up till now, we have kept almost totally secret the fact that on occasion, if the truth be known, we are inclined to be moody. Apparently, however, this secret has leaked out. Because the other day we received, from something called Learning Dynamics, Inc., located right in our old hometown, if you please, a brand-new way of controlling our moods. It's something called the Dynamics of Mood Control, and it's evidently terrific. We are getting quite a deal on this, too—obviously not one they could offer to just anybody. In fact we were, the Office-of-the-President announcement said, "one of a limited group of men and women who are being invited to participate in this program on a special Charter Participation basis."

"For a thousand years," President Allen F. Cannie wrote us—and he signed the letter "Cordially," too—"man has sought the means to achieve happiness, success, and personal fulfillment. He has consulted prophets, studied stars, sought divine guidance from a thousand and one gods." Evidently President Cannie wasn't about to be just the thousandth and second, either. Other men, he pointed out, deal with "the *results of problems.*" His program, on the other hand, works on the *"actual problems."*

"YOU ARE YOUR MOODS," President Cannie wrote us sternly. "If," he said, "I could visit you personally . . . one of the first things I would explain to you is what your moods really are."

That we certainly didn't want. But no matter. To avoid the possibility, all we had to do, apparently, was send President Cannie twelve times $9.98, and we would get a "twelve-session program" complete with *Exercise and Response* book. President Cannie told us that he was also going to throw in "quizzes." These "quizzes" were evidently something. They would do everything from taking our "daily mood temperature" to testing our "sexual mood compatibility."

It sure sounded terrific, all right. Just thirty minutes a day and we would learn, among other things, the "three basic on-the-spot mood controllers"—which, he told us, we could use "anytime, anywhere, when a bad mood strikes." Apparently, when that happens the important thing is to be able to identify what *kind* of a bad mood it is—which one of the "Big Ten": anxiety, tension, worry, frustration, anger, aggression, defensiveness, jealousy, depression, or loneliness.

Session One was called "Your Moods and You." It would tell us, "What are moods? Where do they come from? How do they keep you off balance?" Session Two was called "Your Moods and You —Part II." This one asked, "Are you mood prone?" and also included "Measuring Your Level of Sensitivity and Emotional Maturity Attitude." Session Three was very specific. It handled "How to Pep Up an Unhappy, Moody Marriage," as well as "Dealing With 'I'm Not in the Mood.'" Session Five was evidently pretty specific, too. It was called "Depression," and President Cannie had written a whole paragraph about it:

Now let's suppose someone threatens you, tries to manipulate you or attacks you verbally in some way, something like: "Can't you do *anything* right?" or "Why, you stupid, arrogant good-for-nothing." Think about it. How do you feel? . . .

Easy. Anxious, tense, worried, frustrated, angry, aggressive, defensive, jealous, depressed, and lonely. You know, moody.

WORLD NEWS DEPT.—as found by Blanca Poteat of Dickerson, Maryland, in *The Washington Post*:

DACCA—Bangladesh celebrated the second anniversary of its birth Sunday with a military display and a carnival in Dacca.

The military show included two banks captured during the 1971 war.

The drive-in kind, we guess.

ENERGY NOTE—spotted by John Loth of Grand Island, New York, in *Fortune*:

In improving the fuel economy of its cars, to be sure, Detroit will to some extent be merely catching up with the past. The last several years, in particular, have seen serious deterioration. According to a study by a Ford engineer, the average mileage of the basic Ford line (adjusted for sales) dropped from slightly less than fifteen miles per gallon in 1967 to about eleven and a half in 1973. The most important factor in the deterioration was sheer mess.

Anyway, the problem is now identified.

DOMESTIC DEPT.—located by Roland Mulhauser of Kobe, Japan, in the *Mainichi* (Osaka) *Daily News*:

LIVING MAID required for British family in Ashiya.

Our guess is it'll be hard to tell—even in Ashiya. □

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World Environment Newsletter

PREPARED BY PHILIP W. QUIGG FOR THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR ENVIRONMENT AND DEVELOPMENT
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Keep America Beautiful, With No Deposit, No Returns

A bill now in the U.S. Senate would prohibit the use of non-returnable beverage containers. Based on the Oregon law that has been in effect for eighteen months (*World Environment Newsletter*, March 13, 1973), the proposed national legislation to ban throwaways will be bitterly fought.

Oregon's "bottle bill" provides for mandatory deposits on soft-drink and beer bottles, bans all cans with pull-tab openers, and provides incentives for the use of standardized, returnable bottles. Though the principal objective is to reduce litter, the reuse of bottles and the virtual elimination of cans are significant conservation measures. In energy alone, it is estimated that the Oregon law is saving about 1300 billion BTUs annually—sufficient to heat the homes of more than 2 percent of the state's population.

Gov. Tom McCall, the Oregon Environmental Council, and the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency find the law a resounding success. The container manufacturers and bottlers have fought a dubious battle to discredit the law and to have the courts rule it unconstitutional—so far without success. In Vermont, which has a somewhat similar but less effective law, the manufacturers and bottlers have been more successful, largely by the tactic of artificially inflating prices, which they then blame on higher costs imposed by the law. At least one major brewer defected, however, calling the price increases "totally irresponsible." The state's attorney general is investigating price-fixing.

More recently, bottlers, brewers, and distributors have sought to invoke the energy crisis, arguing that returnable bottles involve extra truck trips to pick up empty containers. They do not explain why empties cannot be picked up when deliveries are made, as has been done since the birth of the bottling industry.

Although the banning of throwaways may involve adjustments that will temporarily lead to higher costs for the industry, the ultimate savings in reverting to reusable bottles are appreciable. Estimates run as high as $1 billion if the practice becomes nationwide.

The alliance of forces against state and national legislation to end the no-deposit, no-return container is formidable. In the face of an EPA study showing that the Oregon law reduced roadside can-and-bottle litter "by at least 49 percent," the president of Keep America Beautiful (KAB) recently testified against a similar bill in California. "Littering," he averred, "is a social problem, a people problem. . . . Littering will not be curbed by outlawing littered items anymore than prohibition curbed alcoholism." He did not mention that cans and bottles compose the 20 to 25 percent of litter that does not decompose. Nor did he attribute any merit to conserving energy and mineral resources. "In the end," he concluded, "it is the citizen, involved, concerned, who gets things done in our democratic society."

Involved, concerned citizens may know that Keep America Beautiful, Inc., is run by industrialists who, since 1953, have been trying to persuade the public that littering is exclusively "a people problem" so that it would not become an industrial problem. With enormous resources, including $40 million worth of donated advertising space and time, and the marshaling of 10 million boy and girl scouts, KAB has failed to roll back the sea of litter that its board members manufacture.

It is not surprising that KAB opposes bottle bills. The chairman of the board of directors is the chairman and chief executive officer of the American Can Company. Other board members include top executives of Continental Can, National Can, U.S. Steel, National Steel, Reynolds Metals, Owens Illinois (glass), Northwestern Glass, Glass Bottle Blowers Association, U.S. Brewers Association, and Coca-Cola. However seriously these men may wish to Keep America Beautiful, they are not likely to do so at the expense of can and bottle manufacturing, if they can help it.

What is less understandable is that among the scores of organizations lending their names to KAB as members of its National Advisory Council are most of the leading environmental and conservation organizations in the United States (see box). Strongly as one may wish to see continuing cooperation between environmentalists and industrialists, "involved, concerned citizens" must recognize that internally KAB is a dialogue of the deaf, and that externally it has become a monstrous scam. As the battle shapes up over a national bottle bill that demonstrably would reduce litter, misuse of land for dumping, and waste of resources, environmentalists will have to decide which side they are on and whom they want to represent them.

Strange Bedfellows

A selected list of environmentally concerned organizations lending support to Keep America Beautiful, Inc., through membership on its National Advisory Council. (See Story.)

Environmental Management Association
Garden Club of America
The Izaak Walton League of America
National Audubon Society
National Wildlife Federation
The Nature Conservancy
Sierra Club
The Wilderness Society

Global Report

Paris—While the United States and Britain are substantially reducing passenger-train service, the European continent is laying plans to increase it. The International Union of Railways, which includes all the nations of Europe except the Soviet Union and Albania, is urging the construction of 3726 miles of new track and the modernization of 8694 miles of existing lines. Its "master plan for a future European railway" would cost $25 billion and require ten years for completion.

In terms of elapsed time between central cities, the high-speed service would be designed to compete with air travel at distances up to 300 miles. Over new track, passenger trains would travel at speeds up to 186 mph; over existing track, the top speed would be 125 mph. Altogether, nearly 25,000 miles of track—of Europe's total of 155,000—would be included in the system, linking all major cities.

At the moment only three new lines are being laid—two in Eastern Europe and one between Rome and Florence. No one knows, of course, whether the ambitious master plan will be adopted,

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but its proponents make a strong argument for its environmental advantages, the fuel savings, and its promised punctuality, comfort, and safety.

New Delhi—The Soviet Union is reported to have obtained the permission of the Indian government to place Russian ships in Indian waters so that Russian scientists can observe an underwater nuclear test planned by Moscow. Indian ports will also be used for refueling the observation ships. This fruit of Russia's expanded diplomatic and economic aid to India must stick in New Delhi's throat and raise more than eyebrows in other capitals of South and Southeast Asia.

London—British scientists appear to be among the leaders in the new field of magnetometeorology. They are finding mounting evidence that the southward shift of climatic zones in the Northern Hemisphere is caused by a similar drift in the earth's magnetic field. The altered pattern of atmospheric circulation that has resulted is believed responsible for the seven-year drought in the Sahelian zone of Africa and for changes in the monsoon in the subcontinent.

Peking—It is reported that bits of paper that dissolve in the mouth are being impregnated with a contraceptive solution and made available here in perforated sheets. These miniature "stamps," which provide a month's protection, are said to be easier to take and cheaper than conventional pills.

Moscow—As more and more Russians obtain automobiles, the problem of garaging them or even of finding space in a parking lot near one's apartment house has become unmanageable. According to plan, more than a hundred cooperative garages were to have been built over the past three years, but in fact less than a half-dozen were completed because other projects were deemed to deserve higher priority. As a writer in *Literaturnaya gazeta* put it ironically, "Imagine wasting manpower and equipment on such nonsense!"

The author described how she and a group of neighbors had formed a garage cooperative. Three years went into obtaining authorization and completing the design work. The hardest part was finding a builder. To persuade one of the construction trusts, the garage cooperative—which included a movie star, a popular singer, and a magician—put on a show for the trust members. But before adequate materials were found, the plan was scotched by "a public-spirited citizen" who wrote the authorities that "the members of the garage cooperative met clandestinely, without the public's knowledge, kept the location of the future garage a secret, and even said that a kindergarten would be built on the site."

"All this," said the writer of the article, "was true."

The Blow to Development

In the plethora of reporting on the fuel crisis was buried this significant statement of Secretary of State Henry Kissinger:

"The cost of energy to less-developed countries is four times larger than the total aid flow of all countries in the world. Put another way, if all countries had abolished their aid programs, the impact on less-developed countries would have been much less severe than the rise in prices agreed to in one afternoon by the oil producers."

At current prices, he said, the less-developed countries will run a deficit of $29 billion.

Peace River, Alberta—In addition to other world shortages, there is the honey shortage. Global production of about 600,000 tons has fallen so far behind demand that the price has risen from $300 per ton in 1969 to nearly $900 a ton today. Beekeeping is considered an excellent prospect for developing countries of Africa and Latin America as a means of increasing their foreign exchange.

One of the largest producers of honey is Canada, and this area of northern Alberta is a center of apiculture. It was recently discovered that as a means of protecting their valuable property, beekeepers killed off about five hundred black bears last summer, with the connivance, if not the participation, of government employees.

Brighton, England—A score of leading environmentalists from twelve countries of Europe and North America met here at the University of Sussex recently to exchange information and to discuss the role of environmental organizations in some of the key issues having international implications. The three-day meeting was organized by the international office of the Sierra Club and by the International Institute for Environmental Affairs.

One outcome was the formation of an Environmental Coalition on the Law of the Sea Conference to ensure that, among the welter of technical and legal issues to be negotiated, environmental aspects are not neglected. Other topics discussed in their relation to citizen organizations were land-use legislation, environmental assessment, and energy problems.

Guam—This small island took an inventory of its solid waste and found that it had about nine thousand abandoned cars and some eighteen hundred tons of other assorted metal junk. It required a major study by a Los Angeles engineering firm to come up with a solution—ship the scrap off the island at a profit. Since Guam imports much and exports virtually nothing, vessels leave the island empty, and a ballast of car hulks is just what they need.

THE WORLD POPULATION SOCIETY

A new membership organization dedicated to applying a more multidisciplinary approach to population problems attracted some three hundred scholars, activists, and other interested persons to its first annual meeting. In Washington over the course of three days, more than eighty papers were presented in addition to speeches and symposia.

According to its statement of purpose, "The World Population Society plans to sponsor regional, national, and international meetings, publish scholarly journals, and foster multidisciplinary research into all aspects of population. Other specific objectives of the society are to:

- "Establish a WPS public-education and information news service.
- "Promote recognition of population science as a discipline.
- "Encourage more disciplines to consider their relevance to population.
- "Support the teaching of population studies.
- "Establish a clearinghouse/secretariat for the collection, analysis, and worldwide dissemination of population research findings.
- "Foster multidisciplinary, international action and cooperation in population and environmental concerns."

The society is affiliated with the American University. Although the organization professes to be international, all of its officers and directors are employees or former employees of the U.S. government. Only one speaker at the conference was a non-American. Pity.

(For further information, write P.O. Box 106, Eagle Station, Washington, D.C., 20016.)

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Diversions

by Leo Rosten

Customs à la Mode

Custom doth make dotards of us all," said Carlyle, in that classic whose name has always given me the jimjams: *Sartor Resartus.* (In case your Latin is rusty, it means "the tailor retailored.") And John Stuart Mill, hacking away at the despotism of habitual modes and codes of conduct, called custom the perpetual "obstacle to human advancement."

I don't know how much of an obstacle the following consuetudes actually have been to human progress, but they strike me as delicious—simply as examples of the revered abracadabra by which one or another tribe of our race, ironically dubbed *Homo sapiens,* is governed.

Insults. An American agronomist, sent to the Middle East to teach farmers modern methods of agriculture, asked an Egyptian, through an interpreter, what sort of crop yield he anticipated.

The farmer became extremely agitated —then turned furious.

The American was flabbergasted. Why on earth was the Egyptian insulted by so friendly a question?

The interpreter explained that Muslims believe that only God knows the future; hence, anyone who tries to foretell it is a lunatic. So, when the American asked the farmer to estimate his future yield, the latter obviously thought that the former was treating the latter as an idiot. Hence the question was an insult; hence the reaction was rage.

(If you enjoy examples of cross-cultural snafus, dip into Edward T. Hall's admirable *The Silent Language.*)

Compliments. A polymath I know tells me that in Argentina (until recently) well-bred men would compliment a lady by murmuring, "Ah, what a lovely bosom."

P.S. to Women's Lib: I do not approve of this.

Testimony. The ancient Romans, when swearing to tell the truth, held their testicles. *That,* dear ones, is where the word *testimony* comes from. (What the ladies did in Roman courts, I do not know.)

You might remember that old Father Abraham asked a servant, "Put, I pray thee, thy hand under my thigh: And I will make thee swear by the Lord . . . that thou shalt not take a wife for my son [Isaac] of the daughters of the Canaanites . . .: But thou shalt go unto my country, and to my kindred. . . ." (Gen. 24 : 2–4)

Grooms: Two Ploys. 1. In the back-country of Pakistan, a young groom-to-be must appear before his future in-laws —who roundly revile, berate, and insult him. Why? Because if the groom can take expert abuse he is thought ready to enter holy matrimony—hardy enough, that is, to take whatever billingsgate his beloved may hurl at him sometime or other in the connubial years ahead.

2. But in Bosnia and Herzegovina, prospective grooms are lavishly dined and tanked up by the bride-to-be's family. The gal's parents, however, never say a word ("Yes," "No," "Agreed," or "Never!") to the anxious suitor.

How, then, does the palpitating lad know what the family verdict is? Most clearly: After the feast and palaver about dowries-shmowries, coffee is served. If the coffee is sweet, the young man has been voted okay for the marital match. But if the coffee is bitter, the guy realizes he has been given the heave-ho.

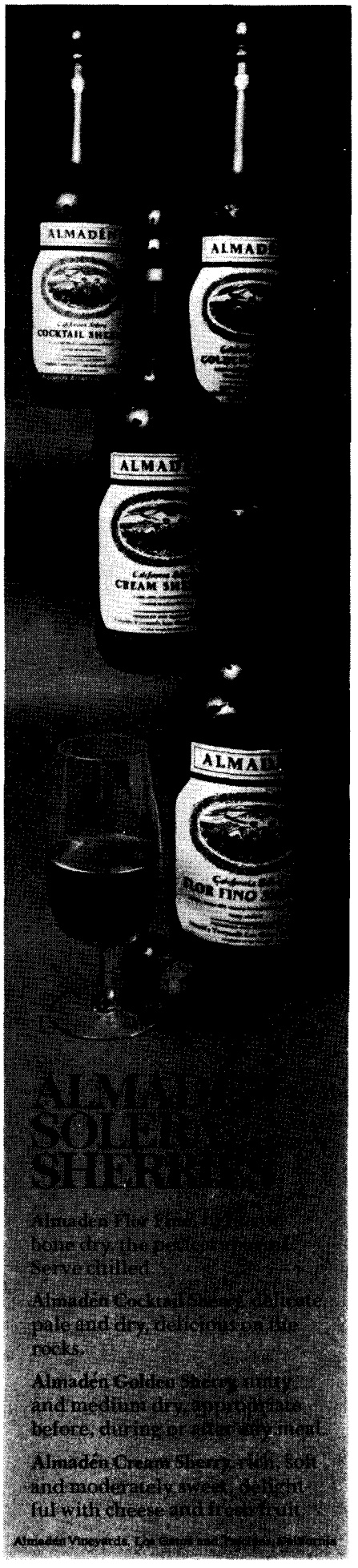
I am greatly relieved that this custom never reached our fair shores. Judging from the coffee I have been served in otherwise civilized homes, American swains would be in a hell of a muddle.

Dishes and Chicken Feathers. You must not assume that every fact has its father or that every custom can be explained.

Consider the Sicilian convention, made venerable by time and faith, that leads Sicilians to their roofs each Easter, carrying chicken feathers and dishes—which they proceed to fling down to the ground. This is supposed to bring luck.

Why throwing chicken feathers and dishes down from a height at Easter is supposed to bring luck has evaded all my efforts at self-enlightenment. I suppose that, like so many other human customs, it will turn out to have been born in superstition: Perhaps the thrown dishes create a noise that will scare away evil spirits; but chicken feathers . . .?! Chicken feathers, yet.

Readers who can dispel my ignorance with a verified explanation will receive a free copy of the latest U.S. Post Office schedule for both domestic and international postage rates. □



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A Rousseau in the West Indies

by Horace Sutton

Sailing down the Caribbean side of St. Lucia, as I found myself doing in some ecstasy the other winter's day, is rather like exploring the verdant fringe of a South Pacific isle, still untrammeled and inexplicably anchored within reach of one's backyard. One had only to cup an ear to imagine the resonant voice of Emile de Becque, giving throat to "Some Enchanted Evening." And one had only to glance toward shore to see the sea grape and the palms that lay like a scalloped fringe along the edge of the beaches. The map itself held enough French accents—Barre de l'Isle, Fond St. Jacques, Dernière Rivière—to invoke the setting that Michener created in *Tales of the South Pacific* and Ezio Pinza engraved on the asphalt of Broadway.

We slipped past the cove called Cul de Sac and probed for the entrance to Marigot Bay, a Caribbean replica of Cook's Bay on Moorea, the island that lies like some ever-present Bali Ha'i off the shore of Tahiti. Here at Marigot, in 1778, the British admiral Samuel Barrington tied palm fronds to his masts and eluded Count d'Estaing, commanding the French flotilla. No such formidable British force has put ashore here since then, unless one counts the English company filming the jungle scenes of *Dr. Doolittle,* Hugh Lofting's fantasy that came to the screen a few years back complete with Rex Harrison and a Pushmi-pullyu.

One scarcely notes the houses that Canadians and Americans (among them, Evarts Graham, Jr., of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*) have built on the rise above the bay. It is the perfect hideaway harbor, and the yachtsmen often slip into the hidden cove and come ashore in a dinghy to visit with Joseph Parler, a South Carolinian who operates the tiny inn called Marigot des Roseaux. The landing float and the tavern are a little tattier than they appear in the brochure, but for anyone looking for a whiff of backwater South Pacific without Bloody Mary, but with a soft Carolinian drawl, Parler has ten cottages up among the bougainvillea at fifty dollars a day per couple with two meals.

There is no shelter for hire at Anse La Raye, the neighbor village up the coast, but to the eye it is a splendid settlement. Azure nets, like billowing blue gossamer, are hung in soft, looping folds under the palms and flamboyant trees. The fleet of wood *canots,* dugout fishing canoes, are pulled up side by side, a radiant display of colors—turquoise and scarlet, green and vermilion, yellow and blue. It is a village deep in Catholicism, a legacy of the French occupation that has survived under the British. The church dominates the shoreline as well as the spiritual life, but making fishing canoes dominates the commerce. Orders come from as far away as Martinique, whose nearest shore is twenty miles to the north. When there is a canoe to be built, the villagers plunge into the forest and fell a gommier tree, burning out the center in the fashion of the Indians and shaping the bottom until it is a true bark, ready to be launched in great celebration into the Caribbean Sea from the beach at Anse La Raye.

FEW VISITORS ARE WONT TO PROBE the jungles because of the reputation of the *fer-de-lance,* a snake that is deadly and nocturnal, though unrelated to reptiles of similar cognomen that inhabit Martinique and South America. The *fer-de-lance,* if one can lay store by the legend, was carried into skirmishes by the Caribs and Arawaks, who slipped the snake in a hollow length of bamboo and then incited it to strike at the enemy, an early form of the bangalore torpedo.

A more likely sanctuary is the small hotel at Anse Chastanet, built in tiers above the sprawling beach of the cove. All the nineteen rooms have balconies, and all have views of Gros Piton and Petit Piton, a pair of green volcanic cones—a *piton* is a spike in the local idiom—left by some churning eruption millions of years ago. The pitons, one 2461 feet, the other 2619 feet, are the mark of St. Lucia in the fashion that Sugarloaf is the sentinel of the harbor at Rio de Janeiro.

The management of the Hotel Anse Chastanet has tacked a sign on its bulletin board for the benefit of its guests. Things to Do, it says. And then it lists them: (1) Nothing, (2) Swim, (3) Sunbathe. In fact, that bit of whimsy gives short shrift to Anse Chastanet, which has put in a tennis court and invites its guests to rent a Mini Moke at eight dollars a day for visits to the copra plantations, for excursions to the rain forest at Fond St. Jacques, and for picnic lunches in an orange grove in the midst of the forest. Fifty dollars (U.S.) is the daily tariff for two in this cove, two meals included.

The earth's inner turbulence that left the yeasty Pitons also created the deep harbor at Soufrière, the old stronghold of the French Republicans who were dispatched by Paris after the French Revolution to instruct the colonists in the new freedoms. The slaves were turned free for a short while, but in a vicious campaign the French guerrillas, or the *Armée Française dans les bois,* as it was known, surrendered to the British in 1787. The victors agreed not to enslave the black prisoners, who were, instead, dispatched overseas as a military force to patrol the British colonies in Africa.

Little of all those complex colonial struggles is visible in Soufrière, for much of the town burned in a fire some twenty years ago. Only a few of the lacy French frame houses, fussy with fretwork, still stand. One can find a surprisingly decent lunch at The Ruins, a restaurant that has been created within the old walls, put together of molasses and white-lime sealer, of a French house that once stood here in some majesty 150 years ago. The bar and the tables are supported by pedestals that were the four posters of the beds in which the French colonialists and the Republicans once reposed.

I missed Allain's Guest House, on Bridge Street, but the advices from reputable sources were good, although one is warned not to be put off by the less-than-elegant *mise-en-scène.* By that I mean one should not arrive expecting the Hotel du Cap at Antibes.

Everyone rides up to have a look at the sulphur springs, which St. Lucia literature likes to call its drive-in volcano. Actually it is a slag pile of steaming sulphur, a caldera, in the quaint terminology of geologists, left by a collapsed volcano. Guides encased in foul-weather gear will take the hyper-curious closer to the steaming sulphur than anyone with a good set of working olfactory nerves might sensibly want to go.

Louis XVI of France built the sulphur baths to regenerate his troops back in 1785, and there are those who have sought balm in these hot springs ever since. The baths are not to be confused with taking the waters in style at White Sulphur or Baden-Baden, but the walk up the jungle path to the waterfall will soothe the psyche. Coffee and cocoa plants, breadfruit, and giant mango trees grow thick and green. Here and there

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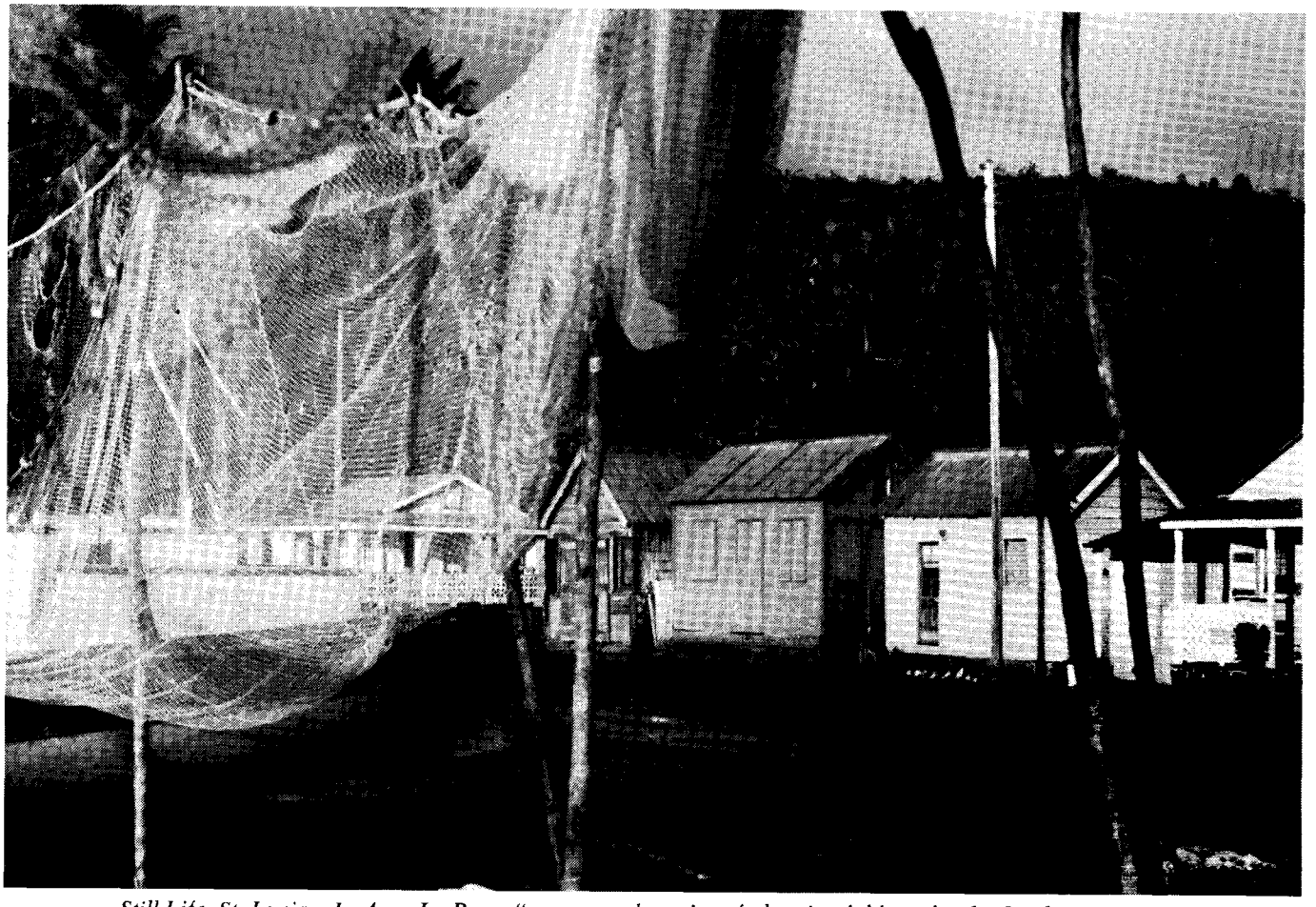

Still Life, St. Lucia—In Anse La Raye, "azure nets hung in soft, looping folds under the flamboyant trees."

glows the color of the immortelle, the beautiful tree that was once all but eliminated because some confused botanist insisted the species carried the blight of Witch Broom Disease.

In the wane of the afternoon, we pulled away from the pier at Soufrière under the arch of a brilliant rainbow and headed home to Castries, the capital in the north end of the island. It was once called by the mellifluous name of Felicité-Ville, but that was changed during a French tenure in 1785 to honor an otherwise-forgotten government minister.

Like Soufrière, Castries has suffered from fires. The last one, in 1948, took almost all that was left of the colonial buildings, and the town has been rebuilt with orderly, square concrete structures that are workable and neat but scarcely quaint. One of the few of the wooden frame houses that still stand is occupied by Rain, an oasis on Columbus Square that commemorates Somerset Maugham's story about life and times in Pago Pago in the long ago. It is the project of Albert Haman, a refugee from Minnesota and a dropout from J. Walter Thompson, the advertising agency.

Haman picked St. Lucia out of a Pan American vacation book and decided, since there was no place with any style in St. Lucia three-and-a-half years ago, that he would go into the restaurant business. Rain is painted white and trimmed with bright green. Posters of Joan Crawford and of Rita Hayworth, both of whom played Sadie Thompson in Hollywood versions of the novel, adorn the walls. Under them, while seated in a peacock chair, one can chomp on a Rainburger, spoon a St. Lucian banana split —bananas are St. Lucia's most abundant crop—or drink what may well be the best fruit punch in the Caribbean.

Calabash, the other midtown restaurant, has no atmosphere at all, but the Creole cuisine, much to my amazement, was quite passable. Perhaps the most respectable place in Castries, the hotels excepted, is the Coalpot, a restaurant on the water. It opens when its owners are in the mood, and one would do best to call a day ahead. The night I was there they were serving sea urchins whipped like egg whites into a meringue, toasted and presented in the shell. It sends to table an acceptable curry, and a friend, not given to exotica, reported that the duck he ordered was agreeable enough.

Castries suffers from no shortage of hotels, only perhaps a want of recognition. Cunard-Trafalgar has opened a complete resort called La Toc, which reposes in its own valley not far from Government House. Its 160 rooms are in low buildings around the pool or in a seven-story tower from which the view swings out over the beach to the trackless sea. A few rooms face the golf course, and these are considered minimum rate, which is to say, seventy dollars for two with two meals in winter and forty dollars for two with two meals after April 15. Rooms in the tower block are five dollars more, and ground-floor rooms, most of which have their own patio, are eighty-five dollars in winter, but after April 15 the rate sinks to fifty dollars, which would seem to be less—considering the last look I had in my friendly neighborhood supermarket—than it costs to stay home.

La Toc has also created an adjoining village of condominium cottages, which, when the owner is not in residence, the management will rent and maintain. Of

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the sixty cottage apartments (two to a building), thirty will have a private plunge pool. All rim the sea and are equipped for housekeeping. For anyone who already has a shooting box in Scotland and a villa close to Rome, a *pied à terre* by the sea at La Toc will run $85,000 for two bedrooms, $55,000 for one bedroom. There are tax benefits with which I shall not entangle you, and the owners receive income from rentals. La Toc's village has already opened its own bar and its own rimless pool, which seems to be at one with the Caribbean Sea it overlooks. A separate restaurant under a thatched cupola will open soon.

Packaged trips that include a week's cruise on the Cunard's *Adventurer* and the *Ambassador,* and a week at La Toc can be arranged at prices that swing from $599 to $699 (per person, two in a room) depending upon location aboard ship, the type of room selected on dry land, and the season of the year. When *QE II* is not plying the North Atlantic, a service that it continues to maintain in some style from spring to fall, it calls at St. Lucia, too, anchoring within full view of the lollers on the beach at La Toc.

Island cabs not on their way to La Toc are probably hustling tourists to Bagshaw's, celebrated creators of tropical prints that are applied to anything from a place setting to a beach dress. If you like anhingas in repose on your table mat or a blue butterfly fluttering over a breadfruit leaf on your *poitrine* you'll love it all, but to me it is the quintessence of Caribbean corn. *Chacun à son* . . . etc. . . .

From the heights at Morne Fortune, above La Toc, stormed by the British in 1796, the vista sweeps across the mountains carpeted with coconut palms, across the valley covered with banana trees, down to Castries, and out to Pigeon Island. Here Adm. George Brydges Rodney maintained his headquarters, sheltering his fleet in what is now called Rodney Bay, where Holiday Inn now stands. In 1781, a fateful year in North America, Rodney buzzed off to St. Eustatius, then as now a Dutch island, and an important trading center between Europe, the West Indies, and the American colonies. He dallied long enough to embroil himself in subsequent lawsuits with English merchants whose merchandise he took as booty, and worse yet, to allow Count de Grasse and his fleet to sail unhindered to Virginia. There the count's ships bottled up Cornwallis, forcing the British surrender to Washington at Yorktown ending the revolutionary war, and opening the way to the creation of the American nation.

Out near Rodney's old anchorage on the north end of the island, I also admired the Cariblue Hotel, which has been built by a private British and German alliance at Cap Estate. Protected by the high mound of a hill and by Pigeon Island, it occupies a beachside tract seven miles from Vigie Airport, the strip at Castries. Open since November, and largely undiscovered by Americans, it is being operated by the Steigenberger group, a vast German travel combine that would like to introduce Germans—who would normally be seeking sanctuary in Majorca, Marbella, and the Canaries in the chill season—to the pleasures of the West Indies.

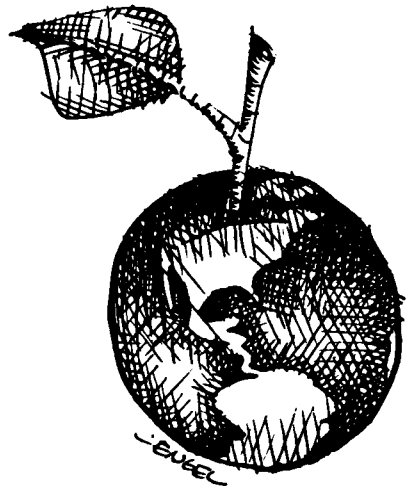
Steigenberger's Cariblue Hotel, which is the proper name of the place, is not a handle that is likely to produce images of a West Indian Shangri-la among Americans, yet the hundred rooms are attractively gotten up, the German management operates crisply (as one might expect), and the menu shows occasional crossbreeding with the Steigenberger fatherland and the West Indies—especially when it produces combinations like Westphalian ham with paw paw (papaya) and banana bread. The hotel charges seventy-two to eighty dollars a day in high season for two with breakfast and lunch. A nine-hole golf course, tennis courts, a pool, and the Caribbean Sea are right at hand.

Inevitably, St. Lucia has a Holiday Inn, where the rooms are about ten dollars a day cheaper than those at the two leading hotels. It has ice-making machines, big beds, and all the usual appurtenances. The architecture is not quite as jarring as Holiday Inns can sometimes be, but on the day I went snooping through its halls, it seemed to me not as fastidious as I would like the paradise of my choice to be. The beach is one of the broadest on the island, and there is a view, on crystal days, over Pigeon Island to Martinique.

I am not going to give you a recitatif of all the pads in St. Lucia, but I would be remiss were I not to mention the Halcyon Beach Club, an eighty-eight-room waterside colony near Castries, as well as its country cousin, Halcyon Days, an enormous casern at the southern end of the island near Vieux Fort, which stores 500 at one time.

Both Halcyon enterprises, as well as LIAT, the airline that links St. Lucia with the ouside world, are part of Courtline, a British company that would appear to specialize in mass packaged tours. When I first knew it, LIAT (Leeward Islands Air Transport) was a friendly little puddle-jumping airline with small planes. Now it operates big, noisy BAC-111s, among other aircraft, which it has painted a violent shade of purple. It flies on a haphazard schedule through the islands and requires seventy-two hours before confirming a passenger's place on a flight, a procedure that often leaves its customers as purple as its planes. The explained reason for that inordinate delay is that all requests for seats must go through Antigua, an island that could be reached by windjammer in seventy-two hours, let alone wireless.

I tell you all this because St. Lucia's large international airport is not at Castries but forty miles to the south at an airport that some perverse elocutionist has chosen to call Hewanorra, the name the Carib Indians called St. Lucia. Eastern Airlines from San Juan, stopping in St. Maarten and Martinique, BOAC from London, BWIA from New York all must land at Hewanorra, which has a large runway originally built by the U.S. forces during World War II. LIAT has service, if that's the right word, from Hewanorra to Vigie, or one can cover the forty miles by road or charter aircraft, perhaps wondering why Rodney and de Grasse had such little difficulty getting around by sailing ship 200 years ago. □



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Music

Tippett's Symphony No. 3: Boulez Hot, Boulez Cold

by Irving Kolodin

Pix by Ward

Sir Michael Tippett—Confrontation between the activist and the artist.

Not since Leonard Bernstein's *Mass* was new in 1971 has a musical work been preceded by a publicity campaign like the one organized on behalf of the American premiere of Sir Michael Tippett's Symphony No. 3 in Boston and New York. Reams of reviews from England were circulated to the members of the musical press, they were bidden to a screening of an hour-long documentary on his career, and Sir Michael himself was produced to embellish the public performances.

The curious fact is that the two works have more than promotable values in common. Each composer looks with dismay on many anarchical aspects of contemporary life; each rejects organized religion as the antidote for the common spiritual malaise; each attempts to build a bridge across the cultural chasm by the use of popular musical materials.

However, Tippett's symphony diverges sharply from Bernstein's theater piece in the means by which it approaches their common objective. It is, intellectually, High Church in its setting of Blake-like verses by Tippett himself and quotes from Beethoven's Ninth Symphony at the summation of his artistic argument. By comparison, the verbal content of *Mass* created by Stephen Schwartz and Bernstein (to supplement the liturgy of the Roman Mass) is more akin to gospel-behind-a-storefront, on a street not far from Broadway.

In my view, the Third Symphony represents a confrontation between the activist and the artist in Tippett. It is perfectly permissible for any communicator to be both, as Tolstoy and Picasso have been, Solzhenitsyn and Yevtushenko are, and Shostakovitch would like to be. The vexing questions, as always, remain: How far do good intentions suffice, and is not the measure of artistic success dependent on the means at the communicator's disposal?

To judge not only from the public performance by the Boston Symphony in New York but also from the unlimited opportunities for private audition provided by a Philips recording (Colin Davis and Heather Harper are conductor and soprano soloist on 6500 662, as they were in the concert hall), Tippett is much more persuasive in depicting the wonders of the natural world than he is in communicating his outrage at the mess man has made of them.

In the long instrumental discourse that makes up Part I of the symphony, Tippett's musical rhetoric for depicting chaos and confusion is not nearly so persuasive as that which he evokes to put the listener beside himself in what Beethoven termed "the temple of nature." These aural vistas of "a windless night sky" and the wispy echoes of "the song of the ocean current" are indeed expressive and impressive in the use of the orchestra.

For Part II, Tippett calls on vocal assistance to set forth all the infelicity from which we cannot absent ourselves, even for a while. Again, his ability to make us share with him the iniquities against which he is rebelling is inferior to the rising tide of emotion in the summation, "I have a dream . . . what though the dream crack, we shall remake it. . . ." It is an impediment, rather than an aid, to the work as a whole that the verses have been set by Tippett to an intellectualized adaptation of the blues. Flatted intervals and traditional use of the trumpet for background are readily acceptable in art music, as Gershwin demonstrated fifty years ago in the slow movement of his piano concerto. But they are hardly acceptable as employed by Tippett, with cantillations and complications of the vocal line that require a soloist of Miss Harper's virtuosity.

He has also directed that the singer's voice, in the concert hall, be amplified. If this was part of a plan to bridge the cultural gap, by giving a kind of mass appeal to the verses and their sound, it failed dismally. Miss Harper's fine voice came out harsh and ugly, and it is improbable that anyone conditioned to the blues would have responded to Tippett's sophistication of them—or to the instrumental discourse that preceded. It was not so much a matter of cultural lag as of dialectical mismatch.

Tippett is, in sum, more compelling as a tone poet responding to the forces around him than he is as an intellectual organizer, in words, of those forces. When his musical impulse flows freely, as in the latter half of Part I and the end of Part II, it is both possessive and convincing. Elsewhere, it is strained, forced, artificial. Impulse and intellect have long been cherished as equally important components in a balanced work

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of art. If one must predominate, I would argue for impulse—which Tippett possesses, but has repeatedly thwarted in this work.

The happy fusion of the two was present in at least one aspect of Pierre Boulez's midwinter work as the New York Philharmonic's music director, and unhappily absent in two others. As an exponent of Elliott Carter's powerful Concerto for Orchestra, Boulez was equally persuasive in two roles: as the musical architect of a remarkably vivid performance by the orchestra and as its verbal expositor, with the composer and critic Alan Rich (of *New York* magazine), in a separate "Informal Evening." In each function Boulez was lucid, incisive, possessed of all the background to make his artistic impulse intellectually valid. It was a musical discourse on a level Boulez is uniquely qualified to sustain.

During the same period Boulez confronted Mahler's mighty Eighth Symphony and the less mighty but no less challenging Fourth of Brahms for the first time (in New York, at any rate). Same musician, same intellect, same orchestra, but not the same background, hence different impulses. There were cheers after the big sound at the end of each: but not from those who were awaiting the illumination of the cosmos that Mahler had created out of orchestra, many choristers, and a septet of vocalists, or of the smaller but no less compact universe of Brahms.

In each there were too few of the subtleties that mark the difference between a performance and a re-creation, too many of the stylistic insufficiencies that betray a lack of identity with the composer's purpose. Boulez has, unfortunately, fallen into the habit of beating time, which an orchestra of the Philharmonic's experience hardly requires. What it, and every orchestra, welcomes is a definition of long lines and large phrases as reminders of the conductor's conception. At his best, Boulez's balance of impulse and intellect can cause music to glow with life-giving heat: At their least balanced, they produce results that caused one learned member of the orchestra to describe their recent performance of Debussy's "Ibéria" as Boulez's "Sibéria." □

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Hubert Saal in Newsweek reviewing the 1969 New York City Opera premiere.

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Fine Arts

Guide for the Guileless Bidder

Retail practices are obscuring the original function of the art auction house.

by Katharine Kuh

As art becomes a widening source of myth, prestige, social advancement, enjoyment, uplift, and monetary gain, its institutions adjust to the new images they themselves foster. These are sometimes overlapping images. Paintings and sculpture can be interchangeable as their roles encroach on each other. Critics occasionally double for dealers when and if the metamorphosis is expedient. Artists, borrowing from writers, allow words to describe purely conceptual works frequently unimplemented by human hand. Equally ambiguous are those auction houses that predicate art sales on open bidding, yet are not averse to retail practices. The public, justifiably confused, questions these anomalies, especially the ambivalence of auction houses. How do they operate? What is their function?

Recently, I have been informing myself on the largest, best known of such establishments in America, Manhattan's Sotheby Parke Bernet (SPB). Ten years ago Parke-Bernet Galleries, at that time New York's most prestigious art auction house, was purchased by Sotheby's of London, a famous New Bond Street firm. Even before the change of ownership, auctions at Parke-Bernet were becoming social events where celebrities concerned themselves less with bidding than with being seen. During the past decade the situation at SPB has been growing more frenetic, what with seats at evening sales in the main auction room nearly as unobtainable as tapes from the White House. Only the most promising bidders or outstanding personalities reach this charmed inner sanctum. There are, to be sure, lesser nirvanas in the same building, in nearby rooms where business goes on via closed-circuit television, also in Sotheby's Houston and Los Angeles branches, which occasionally participate by hooking up to the same system.

Electronics, gossip, charisma, and spectacularly inflated prices all stoke the excitement. It is, of course, something of a status symbol to be seated in the main room, where an authentic 3-D auctioneer performs. In addition, black-tie preview parties by invitation only are frequent preludes to important sales. Current promotions that build goodwill for commercial galleries also benefit auction houses, though the two institutions are theoretically dissimilar. The latter are more closely related to, and concerned with, the welfare of the seller, the former with that of the buyer. John Marion, president of SPB, feels his organization has a dual responsibility, but David Nash, special sales coordinator, says, "Our primary commitment is to obtain the highest possible amount for the seller." And in so doing, the concern has developed certain safeguards and guarantees that are apt to protect the consignor and auction house more energetically than the bidder.

FOR INSTANCE, TAKE THE MATTER of the so-called reserve. Although most potential buyers at SPB probably think they are attending a public sale where objects are acquired in free and open competition by the highest bidder, they may sometimes be misled. True, the catalog discloses the possibility of reserve prices set in advance by consignors, but this important information is printed in such diminutive type as to tax even the strongest eyes. It is, however, essential to know that a system exists whereby an owner may place a reserve price on a work offered at auction, and unless that figure is realized, the owner is free to withdraw the item. The auctioneer merely outbids the audience and, taking his commission, returns the goods to the consignor. All of which would seem fair enough if SPB indicated which objects were thus protected and, at the same time, specified the amount of each reserve. Otherwise the owner is safe, but the buyer is at a disadvantage. As Sylvan Cole, head of Associated American Artists, points out: "Anytime a prospective buyer makes a bid at auction he is entitled to know that his bid could acquire the lot being auctioned. When there is a reserve and bidding starts below the reserve, the buyer is being used unfairly."

On the other hand, Mr. Nash of SPB thinks that revealing the reserve would inhibit people from bidding above it, implying that any announced price may

Courtesy of Sotheby Parke Bernet

Sotheby Parke Bernet—"Electronics, gossip,

suggest retail, rather than auction, practices. Yet many experienced bidders feel it their right to know what they are up against. For the neophyte, hidden reserves are even more puzzling. And for him, background knowledge is mandatory. If he is to keep his head above water in the heat of battle, he must have knowledge of both comparative prices and art history. Bidders who depend chiefly on intuition, emotions of the moment, or hearsay can be losers. Even the most careful advance research and the most thoughtful preliminary decisions are sometimes negated under the pressure of an auctioneer's threatening hammer. Speed and competition take their toll.

Mr. Marion, also defending secret reserves, says, "Published reserves would be an open invitation to dealers and other participants to form buyer rings for those works that have no reserves or only low reserves." It is well known in the profession that art dealers often join together in "rings" and, prior to auctions, agree not to outbid one another on given lots, sometimes even arranging that certain works be purchased by the group as a whole through a single representative. In this way several galleries share interest in the same object, but often the ring meets after the sale in a secret second auction, known as the "knockdown." Here, the highest bidder gets the loot. Although the practice is opposed by SPB and is basically illegal (as a device to subvert the idea of unrestricted sale at auction), it is nonetheless far-reaching and almost impossible to control. Yet in this case, I cannot un-

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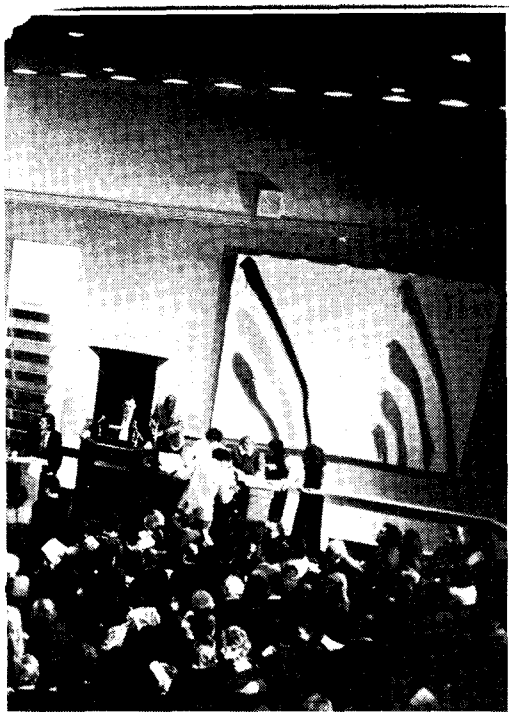

charisma, and spectacularly inflated prices."

derstand how published reserves would have much impact, for it is never innocent buyers who organize rings; it is initiated professionals.

Another pitfall for the unwary buyer is the chance that interested parties will deliberately bid up specific objects in order to establish higher values. As a rule, auction prices are widely published, and, accordingly, an owner who has invested heavily in a specific artist stands to benefit by creating record prices for the man's work, even though those prices are artificially maneuvered and could prove only temporary. Also familiar is the dealer who must protect the artists he represents if he is to prevent their market from collapsing. So he, too, accelerates the bidding on specific lots.

RALPH F. COLIN, administrative vice-president and general counsel of the Art Dealers Association of America, commenting on another equivocal practice, suggests that the public, before bidding, should be informed of those works that "are not being sold by the auctioneer as agent for a consignor but are, rather, items owned by the auction house itself or in which it has an economic interest other than the mere collection of a commission for the sale." In this case the moot question is how an auctioneer differs from a dealer. Mr. Marion resolutely states, "Our intention is not to own. The only way we can own is by default after a sale." And yet rumors proliferate. Recently, when the Edith Halpert collection of American art was sold at SPB and, later, when fifty contemporary objects belonging to Robert Scull were offered, word spread that the auction house either owned the works or shared ownership. Mr. Marion denies these allegations, asserting that SPB acted only as agent in each case.

BUT THE WORD *agent* can become a semantic problem. Sotheby Parke Bernet announces, once more in very small type, that at times (but exactly when, we are not told) sellers have been accorded guarantees that assure them a minimum amount for a single work or an entire collection, no matter what the outcome of the auction. For this service SPB justifiably demands an additional commission, but on occasion the firm becomes further involved by backing guarantees with monetary loans. The moment the auctioneer turns into more than an agent, he endangers the free give-and-take of a traditional auction sale. Again to quote Mr. Colin: "It is now the practice of Sotheby Parke Bernet to have a variety of additional interests in some of the goods offered for sale. SPB may have purchased the goods outright and own them. It may have made a guarantee of minimum prices to a consignor under an arrangement by which the auction house and the consignor share in the proceeds of the auction in excess of the minimum prices. It may have jointly acquired a collection with third persons and be offering the items for sale for the joint account. Sotheby Parke Bernet has denied its participation in any such arrangements, but belief and rumor to the contrary widely persist. Under these circumstances, the undesignated and hidden reserve would become more reprehensible because in those circumstances the auctioneer is not only bidding from his book on behalf of a client consignor but is bidding against the public on his own behalf without clearly disclosing that fact."

DESPITE OCCASIONAL opaque operations, SPB acts as a plus in the New York art scene. The auction house publishes first-rate catalogs compiled by experts informed on the art of various periods and places. In addition, an important sale brings to the city serious buyers from all parts of the world who transact business not only at auction but also with numerous local galleries. Recently German and Japanese collectors have rivaled American buyers in pushing up prices to unprecedented levels. Sotheby's has undoubtedly played an influential role in raising international art values and, happily, those of works by living artists are no exception. The very publicity that turns us off has, at the same time, acted as a boon for the market.

Nor must we overlook the useful reforms SPB has initiated. Now all presale price estimates accompany catalogs and need no longer be laboriously extracted one by one. We are also assured that reserves will never exceed estimates, though this statement must be taken on faith since reserves are always secret. I personally find estimates rather low at SPB; perhaps they are intended as encouraging come-ons or useful preludes to history-making records. Not long ago an ebullient press release, triggered by a sale of Americana, boasted: "The result was a stupendous auction success, the sale wildly exceeding the pre-sale high estimate by an overwhelming margin—a happening regarded as a landmark in the art market." For buyers, SPB's guarantee of authenticity, a guarantee that covers a period of five years, is surely its most important recent innovation. Before this move—and let me add that Sotheby Parke Bernet is the first auction house to take the step—an object proven counterfeit could be returned only within twenty-one days from date of sale.

I realize that the cognoscenti know most of these facts, but less-experienced bidders may not. And it is they especially who might benefit from a more careful study of the small print in auction catalogs. One last suggestion: The best way to find bargains at auction is to buy works that are out of fashion. □

Answer to *Literary Crypt* (see page 28): Critics are like brushers of noblemen's clothes. Francis Bacon

WIT TWISTER NO. 18
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 54.

The squeaking ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
that burrow in the fields
Spin out brief lives and ___ ___ ___
___ ___ beneath the grass
And ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ their debts
to Nature when each yields
His lifeless self to earth's life-giving
mass. A.S.

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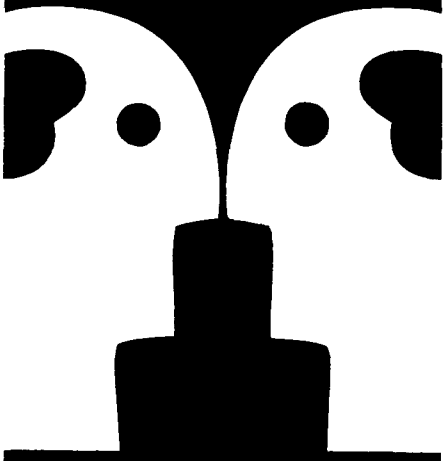
An important television discussion



OPEN MIND

"MULTINATIONALS AND THE PUBLIC INTEREST"

An analysis of the promise of plenty and the peril of power inherent in the proliferation of giant corporations.

Produced by WPIX, New York, in cooperation with Saturday Review World, and moderated by Richard D. Heffner, Professor of Communications and Public Policy at Rutgers University. Author of "A Documentary History of the United States" and Editor of Tocqueville's "Democracy in America"

In New York, Sunday, April 7, 8:30-9:30 PM WPIX 11

In Washington, D.C. Friday, April 12, 10:00-11:00 PM WETA, Channel 26

In other PBS Cities, consult local listings.

(*Continued from page 19.*)

nadze's wife back from the Ukraine to try her for the alleged diamond smuggling. So far he's been stymied by the requirement that Moscow has to approve inter-republic extraditions. The Kremlin apparently prefers that the wife of a former candidate member of the politburo not go on trial.

• Two members of the Central Committee of the Georgian Communist party were expelled for undisclosed "criminal activities."

• The minister of justice and chief judge of the Adzharistan region of Georgia were fired for "lax prosecution of the law," a euphemism for taking bribes.

The crackdown hit the streets as hard as it did the ministers.

One morning a sudden warning went out to Tbilisi's taxi and bus garages to keep all public vehicles off the streets. Within the hour, police swooped down on several private cars painted to look like taxis and on one bogus bus. "You can't throw a cigarette butt on the sidewalk anymore," one fruit seller said. "You spend 200 rubles [$266] for a good evening out in a restaurant with fifteen bottles of wine—that's not a lot, you know—and the police come by and ask, 'Where did you get that money? You only earn 180 rubles [$240] a month.' "

For some Georgians, particularly the intelligentsia, the crackdown is a chance for the republic to regain some respect. "We have been embarrassed for a long time now," a professor at Tbilisi State University said. "It has all happened in the past twenty years, all this corruption. Before that it was the Armenians who were the shrewd businessmen. We were mostly drinkers and not very hard workers."

But the intelligentsia, a tiny minority where it exists at all in Georgia, is hardly the most representative body of thought on the Shevardnadze regime. Among the working class at least, indications are clear that the changes have been less than popular. With the firings, arrests, and limitations placed on private enterprise has come a stepped-up Sovietization campaign, strongly laced with heavy-handed Marxist-Leninist propaganda and the continued official cold-shouldering of local hero Josef Stalin. It has all rankled, and some apparently are getting tired of waiting for things to "get back to normal."

Georgians say there have been at least two assassination attempts aimed at Shevardnadze. In one a bomb failed to go off. In the second, gunmen attacked his car and shot Shevardnadze's chauffeur in the shoulder but missed the party secretary.

General anti-Soviet sentiment led recently to the dynamiting of a statue commemorating the "liberation" of Georgia by Russian Bolsheviks, who in 1921 overthrew the independent republic (the bombers chose to ignore the fact that it was their own comrade Stalin who had led the Bolshevik takeover). The Georgia Supreme Soviet responded to the attack by publishing a decree promising long prison terms to anyone involved in "the destruction or damaging of cultural monuments."

Shevardnadze chaired his second party plenum in late October 1973 and said widespread corruption continued to involve some of his top officials, "including highly responsible officials of party organizations. . . . It cannot go on like this. The Central Committee . . . intends categorically to establish a Bolshevist order in every region and city of the republic. There will be no mercy to anyone—regardless of age, rank, or former merits—who will dare to ignore the instructions, demands, and the statements of the party."

So the crackdown will continue until something gives, even if it turns out to be Shevardnadze himself. He is undoubtedly certain of his own role in Georgia, but less clear is his place in the overall scheme of Soviet politics. He still does not have a seat on the ruling politburo, on which Mzhavanadze held a candidate, or non-voting, place from 1957 until his "retirement."

Among the local heirs of Stalin, speculation varies as to why, for the first time, they are no longer represented on the twenty-man body (including candidates) that guides the foreign and domestic political fortunes of the Soviet Union.

The dominant street-level theory is that Georgia simply is being punished for obvious practical and political shortcomings. Another is that the cautious politburo is clearly aware of Shevardnadze's talent—and ambition—and is waiting to see what kind of job he does at home before he is allowed as a regular into the clubby corridors of the Kremlin. A third theory, gaining more credence all the time, is that the Kremlin does not want to elevate to national rank and prominence the man implementing its first sustained attempt at Sovietizing Georgia, until it is certain he will survive the effort. □

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(**Snow:** *continued from page 22.*)
about the poor world and really thinking very hard and sacrificing themselves much more, and to whom self-indulgence isn't a virtue but something to be swept aside. There is a real difference here. I think that a sort of neo-puritanism may be setting in, not probably sexually, but in the more serious things—in purpose. I hope I'm right.

How does this compare with the period when you were a young man?

Lord Snow: If you like, you could call some part of the Twenties rather like the Sixties. There are certain resemblances. The aftermath of the First World War meant that you did have the Fitzgeralds and so on—although Fitzgerald was fundamentally, I think, a nice man.

Then, things did get harder. There was the Depression, and then sensible people knew the war was coming and you had to get ready for that. And it's just possible that in the sort of animal way that people smell troubles and disasters they had even smelled what is obviously now happening to the world.

I mean the fact that life in the Western world is going to get harder, more rigorous, and far, far less extravagant. It must. And this has been predictable for years: that we couldn't go on living as we were. There just weren't the resources. Oil is just one of them. We'll be more Spartan. The intelligent young whom I am thinking of say this themselves. There are plenty trying to find something much more serious in terms of society and requiring much more action and sacrifice on their own.

I was in Louisville, Kentucky, in October, and I was talking about this sort of thing to a lot of students. I found a great many of them responded very much like our intelligent young.

I've got a great passion for an American provincial town. For instance, Louisville is about the size of Leicester or Nottingham, the towns I was brought up in, and I don't think New York is so much superior to London as those towns are to their English equivalent. I know a number of them, and I've always been impressed that you could find a lot of bright, energetic, well-meaning people.

Can you account for this difference?

Lord Snow: Well, it's a much bigger country. Numbers make a lot of difference. Everyone can't go to New York; in England it's almost artificial for a successful person in the arts not to come to London sooner or later. In America, though they may go to New York, it isn't anything like so obligatory. I know lots of good writers who quite deliberately and quite naturally stay in different parts: the South, particularly, and the West Coast, and Chicago and so on.

What will you do now that you have finished the book?

Lord Snow: I'm taking a break. This book took me a year and a half all told. People have been asking me to give talks; I've put them all off, so now I have an immense backlog of talks to give. In the fall we go to North Carolina, which will be very nice.

I've gotten interested in medical things owing to Dr. Irving Cooper, your great neurosurgeon. He's deeply interested in the impact of his kind of subject and skill on life itself. He's one of the most impressive men I've ever met in my life.

What form has your own interest in medicine taken?

Lord Snow: Is there a possible framework of ethics that we can reconcile with what medicine might conceivably do? What are the limits? Coop has really got me thinking about these things: genetic engineering and the human side of what doctors should be taught, in which Coop is deeply concerned.

If you are dealing with multiple sclerosis, there happens to be one of the best descriptions of what that disease is by a sufferer, a man of great natural ability, who wrote, under the name of W. N. Barbellion, *Journal of a Disappointed Man,* a harrowing description of what it was like to be struck down as a bright young zoologist by this beastly disease. Obviously, any doctor who is ever going to cope with multiple sclerosis ought to have read that. And Coop is making his own students go through all that sort of literary training.

With all the stresses and strains going on in the world, what do you think is the most important problem we face right now?

Lord Snow: The most important problem in the world is to see that these enormous differences between, say, India and the Western world are reduced as rapidly as possible. It's conceivable that fate is playing into our hand in that, because we shall have to live more simply.

This problem is certainly the most morally threatening and, I think, in a generation's time the most practically threatening. Unless we make a go of India, then the next generation will witness unspeakable suffering.

Is there literary creativity in India?

Lord Snow: No. Their best writer, and a very good one, is a Polish Jewess, married to a Parsi, called Ruth Jabwalla. But she came from Poland—a highly intelligent woman of forty-five, a very fine writer. She writes in English. She's one of the best writers in the language, and both Graham Greene and I have been rooting for her passionately.

You've been in government. What are your impressions of what's going on in Washington?

Lord Snow: You'll struggle out of that. It's only skimming the surface of American life, really. Anyone here doing most of those things would have been out on their decks before they got anywhere near that.

You do not, then, put much emphasis on Watergate?

Lord Snow: No. I think you'll find it will impose a much stricter code of behavior, certainly about financial things, which are more important than sexual ones. *They* are what corrode government. □

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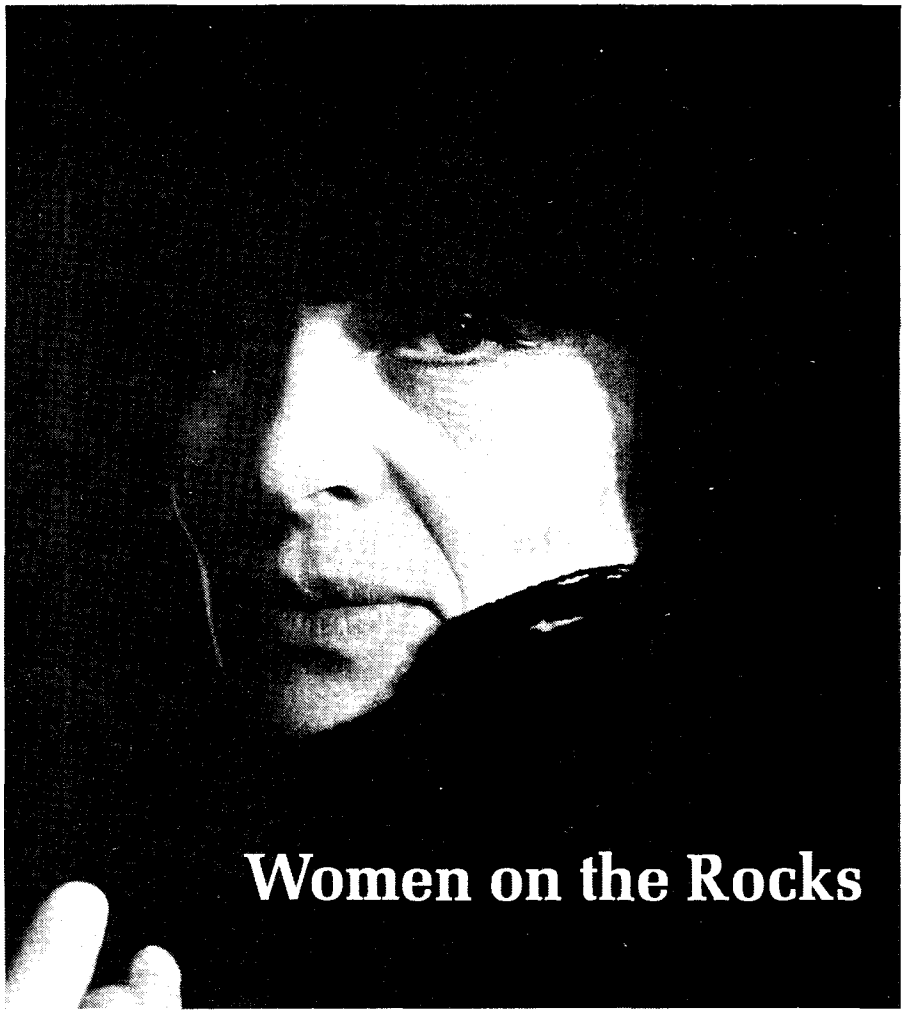

Women on the Rocks

Michael Zettler

Viveca Lindfors in I Am a Woman—*A few props to define the feminine mind.*

by Barbara Mackay

Gigi and Lorelei still may be wooed with furs, diamonds, and champagne, but in many of New York's Off-Broadway theaters—from Greenwich Village garages to the prestigious Brooklyn Academy of Music—female characters no longer measure success in inches of mink. Yet even with the current interest in women's liberation, much of the drama that purports to be sympathetic still presents familiar stereotypes: woman as diaper-changer, dishwasher, office functionary, cook, or sex kitten. Presumably the intention of such caricatures is the exposure of male brutality and insensitivity. In fact, they only reduce a complex situation to a simplistic formula: All men are villains, and all women victims.

In a revival of Elaine May's *Not Enough Rope* at Broodje's Cafe Theater, a girl is preparing to hang herself. A young man breaks down her locked door, not to keep the girl from killing herself, but to take back the rope she borrowed for her noose. The comedy gets steadily blacker until the lights fade out on the girl sobbing hopelessly, clutching her landlady's corpse.

The main character is again a suicidal woman in Diane Kagan's *High Time*, a short play produced by the WPA Theater, a back-room stage in New York's Bowery. Frustrated by loneliness and a meaningless job—pulling a huge brass handle on a nameless, dial-studded machine—she contemplates the "big jump" from her skyscraper office. Again a man happens along, a mountaineer who has conquered all the world's mountains and is reduced to climbing buildings. Concerned only with getting to the top, he ignores the girl's plea for some slight sign of human affection, and he climbs up as she plunges down.

Presumably, *High Time* and *Not Enough Rope* derive from the current interest in feminism. But neither one deals specifically with the problems of women as women. Both plays seem much more concerned with the fact that human beings can't communicate. In the same way, Avra Petrides's and Diane Kagan's *On the Rocks* (also playing at the WPA Theater) would present no problem if the playbill had read, "Women! Men!" instead of "Women! Women!" It's a clever comic adaptation of the Prometheus story, in which Ms. Petrides, a gifted comedienne, slinks and lurches and writhes around the stage, a tortured would-be sculptress tied to a rock above an abyss. But her problem is more than physical: She's emotionally chained to the strutting, glutting bird that daily devours her liver. He's all she's got. But then, she's all he's got, and the play focuses on his problems (he's a bald-headed eagle with vertigo) as much as on hers. Finally, *On the Rocks* is just a witty dramatization of an old human, and not particularly female, dilemma: Some people can't live with or without each other.

Disquieting Muses, a recent presentation at the Theater at St. Clement's (in a midtown church), illustrates the basic problem again: It might just as easily have been about men's failure to come to terms with life. A "response to the suicides of women artists," conceived and directed by Betsy Shevey, *Disquieting Muses* lumps together Marilyn Monroe, Virginia Woolf, Billie Holiday, Diane Arbus, Janis Joplin, Sylvia Plath, and Judy Garland. Each of the characters, except for Plath, is dressed identically in platinum-blonde wigs and silver pasties. Each one goes through a series of monotonous rituals—being rejected by her parents, discovering art as an outlet for her frustrations, hiding her true feelings behind the artist's mask—and each ritual is followed by a standard chorus ("I am me," "I am here," "I am woman"). By the end, every move, every speech, every symbolic suicide is predictable. When the sensitive, vulnerable, loving self can't remain locked inside any longer, it destroys the outer professional shell: Billie Holiday covers herself with flowers and lies back to die, Janis Joplin swigs some gin and then collapses, Virginia Woolf covers herself with a blue sheet, representing the sea.

Even the set for *Disquieting Muses* promises more than it delivers. Cluttered with the stuff of woman's fantasies and nightmares—wedding gowns, dolls, baby carriages, grocery carts, an oven with two bruised legs protruding from it—the stage looks as though it could easily contain settings for seven different stories, instead of one story told seven times. But the really disquieting aspect of the pro-

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duction is the disservice it does to these artists. It reduces their art to a compensation for pain, ignoring the fact that what made Joplin and Garland and Holiday great singers was precisely their ability to reflect extreme emotion, especially pain. Even worse, by making these seven women neurotic, schizophrenic children, searching for the love mommy and daddy never gave them, *Disquieting Muses* gives a simplistic analysis of their deaths. And, without adequate motivation, these women appear to have been supreme masochists, bent on self-destruction, instead of the gifted, creative, unique individuals they were.

Megan Terry's *Hothouse* verges on melodrama and ends with the incredible suggestion that when all else fails, a woman can run home to mama and get the only surefire remedies for heartache—mother love and booze. But *Hothouse* deserves attention for two reasons: First, it really is about women; and, second, it admits the complexity of sexual relationships. There are no clear villains and victims in Megan Terry's writing; men brutalize men and women use women.

Produced in the Circle Theater, a loft on Manhattan's Upper West Side, the play takes place in a house shared by grandmother, mother, and daughter. The paint is peeling off the walls, the plants are dying, the grass is full of weeds, and the women are alcoholics, perpetually losing their men. The main character is a loud, blowsy, buxom redhead, who shouts a lot about what brutes men are and drinks a lot to forget how much she misses them. While men are in the room, she dances, sings, flirts, and keeps up a continuous, one-woman floor show. Yet when she is with her daughter or mother, all the bravado and apparent self-confidence slip away and she becomes a pathetic, aging earth mother with no outlet for her lust or her tenderness.

Ms. Terry uses this contrast as evidence that woman is her own worst enemy; she acts like a plastic, unbreakable doll, then goes to pieces when she is treated like one. What *Hothouse* shows, among many other things, is one woman's realization that she has wasted her life in a useless race against wrinkles and bulges, dressing up and performing for an audience that finally doesn't care.

All of the plays mentioned so far show woman at the first level of self-awareness, waking up to her social and sexual victimization. In Viveca Lindfors's *I Am a Woman*, a traveling adaptation of writing by and about women, there are a few fleeting glimpses of women who are already fully awake and beginning to rebel against oppression, women determined to compete with men or to live without them.

However, the production as a whole is more concerned with showing the entire spectrum of feminine attitudes toward life than with making a case for

From *Disquieting Muses*

Woman's role as celebrated suicide.

women's liberation. And, as such, it is a perfect vehicle for Ms. Lindfors's virtuosity. She swirls onto the stage at the Theater in Space, wearing two capes, a purse, a hat, and a scarf—basic props that she combines to create forty distinct, colorful characters. She plays a romantic, adolescent Anne Frank describing her first kiss; Portia in Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice* vowing her undying love; a Vietnamese woman telling of American soldiers' brutality to Vietnamese women; and Marilyn Monroe explaining her desire for happiness, not money: "I just want to be wonderful." Yet, as Ms. Lindfors whips through her catalog of characters, there is a strong emotional undercurrent binding the varied images together, a suggestion that woman's main strength is her passivity. Most of the selections imply that she will continue to adapt to, rather than transform, society and that her primary objectives in life are marriage and children. Whether she is an unwed, pregnant girl without any way of supporting her child, an aging woman watching her beauty fade, a young girl aching for a perfect, passionate love, or an old mother mourning the death of her son, woman (as Ms. Lindfors sees her) is still primarily a loser, longing for the unattainable and bearing her burdens silently.

Only one recent production shows a woman designing her own life: the Cherry Lane Theater's *Dear Nobody*, co-authored by Terry Belanger and Jane Marla Robbins. Ironically, the play is based on the life and diaries of the novelist Fanny Burney, who's been dead for 134 years. Along with collaborating on the script, Ms. Robbins plays Fanny Burney, sketching episodes from her life as a teenage girl, a newly discovered novelist, an attendant to the queen at England's royal court, a wife, and a mother. She skillfully impersonates a variety of people whom Miss Burney knew and described in her journals: a hearty, earthy Samuel Johnson, a dapper Richard Brinsley Sheridan, various proper eighteenth-century ladies, and the notoriously improper Mme. de Staël. In the process, Ms. Robbins reveals Fanny Burney to be a witty, willful, unconventional woman who, in that decidedly antifeminist time, managed to live and work as she pleased.

An increasing number of feminist drama groups and feminist playwrights are appearing all the time. They represent a broad range of political and sexual ideologies, involvement with the women's liberation movement, and dramatic technique. For example, the Westbeth Playwrights Feminist Collective works within a traditional theatrical structure. It consists of five women playwrights and hires directors, producers, actors, and technicians. The It's All Right to Be Woman Theater, on the other hand, is a true theater collective, which rejects the (supposedly masculine) notion of hierarchical organization in its very structure: There are no specified playwrights, directors, or stagehands.

Some groups—especially those who do improvisations or deal specifically with lesbianism—restrict attendance at certain performances to women, on the theory that men in an audience inhibit women's spontaneity. Most of the new feminist groups and independent playwrights are limited by lack of money or performance space, and as a result, their shows are few and far between. But given time and the new public interest in feminist theater, they may eventually provide a revised image of woman, proud of her sex and determined to solve her problems by some method other than suicide. □

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Film

Teacher's Pets

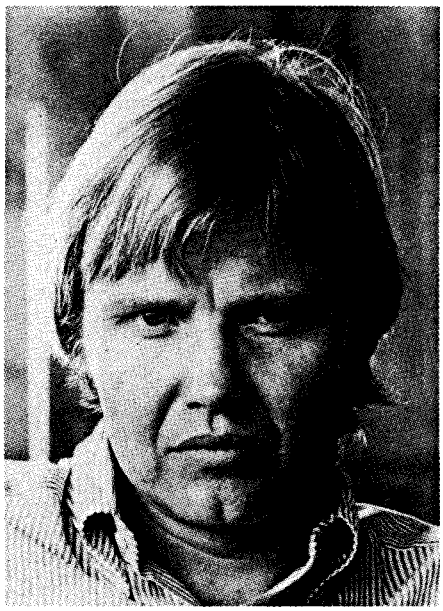
by Hollis Alpert

Off the South Carolina coast, if we're to take *Conrack* at face value, is a small island called Yamacraw, where there are few of the problems currently besetting town and city dwellers. No cars on the island, therefore no gas shortage. Too remote for drugs to be a problem, and crime not a concern because of the island's poverty and general backwardness. On the other hand, there are pristine ocean beaches, lush foliage, a variety of exotic blooms, and for most of the year the weather is bland and warm. So far as we can tell, there aren't even ticks, chiggers, mosquitoes, or poisonous snakes to bother the few residents.

But *Conrack* is not about an overlooked place of refuge from the frets and worries of technological civilization. Quite the contrary, it deals with the strenuous efforts of a dedicated young white teacher to bring the privileges of education to the island's neglected young blacks. The film is said to be based on an account by Pat Conroy (*The Water Is Wide*) of the experiences he had teaching on such an island, not far from Beaufort. Jon Voight plays Conroy, and he isn't installed as teacher of the fifth through eighth grades in the island's small schoolhouse very long before he finds that his students can't pronounce his name (he settles for "Conrack"), and that several can't recite the alphabet or count to ten, and, worst horror of all, that none have seen a movie.

Faced with the situation, he realizes that the island's traditional methods of education have failed and that unorthodox procedures are in order. He uses a horn to keep the children from falling asleep, plays Beethoven's Fifth Symphony on a small record player (which sounds like an expensive stereo rig), shows Humphrey Bogart films, demonstrates the Yoga lotus position, takes them on field trips for flower identification, and, to illustrate Newton's law of gravity, sits on the bough of a tree and drops an apple on a student's head. All this doesn't go down well with the island's black school principal, who seems to have little to do but heckle Voight, or with Beaufort's crusty school superintendent (Hume Cronyn), who knows how to deal with teachers who revolt against tradition.

The film's basic problem is believability, but it is surprisingly pleasant, nevertheless, not nearly as cloying as the Disney studio might have made it, and filled with earnest intentions. If the island has been prettied up, prejudice, apathy, and ignorance in the background are by no means overlooked; and we can feel (or are supposed to feel) heartened at the end that the teacher has made what I guess we can call a contribution. Voight's performance is energetic and often funny. The children—non-actors all—are a delight and handled well by Martin Ritt, the director responsible for *Sounder*. My only worry is that real-estate developers, seeing all that unspoiled ocean frontage, will invade the island and sell it off in fifty-foot parcels.



Jon Voight as Conrack—Unorthodox teaching methods help bring isolated young blacks into today's world.

A FILM SUCH AS *Conrack* is about as serious as American films are these days, and it's seldom we find one anywhere. All the more credit, then, to Maximilian Schell for the courage to write, direct, and produce *The Pedestrian*, a gloomy study of a present-day German industrialist with an unsavory wartime past. The theme, of course, is guilt, and Schell doesn't hesitate to explore its human and moral ramifications, particularly in the person of Herr Giese, the aging head of a family engineering firm, whose dead son had attempted to kill both his father and himself in a car crash, after learning of his father's seeming culpability.

The industrialist's guilt is not clear-cut, however, and what the film seems to say is that the Germans have not yet lived down the shame of Nazism and won't until an entire generation is dead and gone. The onus is still there on the elder generation, and the younger ones aren't totally in the clear either, because through newspaper and magazine sensationalism they keep digging up the past for political purposes or merely for newsstand sales. The film's distinction lies in its cool clear-sightedness and in Schell's expert direction of a literal roll call of Europe's film and theater greats.

The industrialist, for instance, is played by Gustav Sellner, formerly the director of the Berlin Opera. The English director Peter Hall makes his acting debut as an overly aggressive newspaper publisher. In the cast, too, are such illustrious names as Elisabeth Bergner, Peggy Ashcroft, Francoise Rosay, and Lil Dagover, each of whom provides a polished little cameo. While hardly aimed at widespread popular success, *The Pedestrian* is a genuine contribution to film art.

Mame, however, distinctly is not. This big, blowsy Warner Brothers musical offers us Lucille Ball in a role for which she is remarkably unsuited, garbs her in gowns seemingly borrowed from a Busby Berkeley museum, and cakes her in makeup that makes it difficult for her to register any but the most effortless expressions. In close-ups she is seen in such fuzzy focus that one thinks it is the projector's fault. The score has eleven songs with music and lyrics by Jerry Herman, eight of which are as leaden as a potato pancake, and six of which are sung in a raucous non-voice by Ms. Ball, who dominates the show to the point of sheer audience exhaustion. Its major production number, set on a southern plantation, is geared to the hit song, "Mame," and is sillier than any ever seen in Warner's heyday of musicals.

But we must by no means overlook the film's one great virtue: Bea Arthur repeating her 1966 Tony Award–winning role as Vera. Every time she appears, the show suddenly kicks into momentary life. Her sense of comic timing, often with lines lacking in any real wit, is impeccable. She cuts a grand figure, withers, as they say, with a glance, and so outdoes Lucille Ball that one wonders why she wasn't chosen to play Mame in the first place. I'm almost inclined, for Ms. Arthur's performance alone, to recommend this ridiculous relic. □

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An Environment for Creative Teachers

Education sometimes has been characterized as the third most authoritarian profession in society—outranked by only the armed services and the police. To the degree that this characterization is accurate, education clearly fosters an environment that does not encourage independent thinkers or creative individuals, nor can it be expected to welcome fundamental change in the schools. All of which may help to explain why, despite the dedicated efforts of many teachers and administrators and the introduction of innumerable innovative programs during the past two decades, the schools have changed so little. The difficulties of bringing about fundamental reform, either in institutions or in individuals, have been seriously underestimated.

Fortunately, over the years, a number of scholars have turned their attention to the study of the process of change in the schools, and the fruits of their labors are pointing to new directions for the future. A leader in the field is John I. Goodlad, innovative dean of UCLA's Graduate School of Education and "father" of the non-graded classroom. He and his colleagues have pursued a five-year study of the process of change in elementary schools that were attempting to improve in a variety of ways. The study was supported by IDEA, the education arm of the Charles F. Kettering Foundation, and earlier this year McGraw-Hill announced publication of the first two of seven volumes in a series reporting the findings of the study. (The first two volumes are *The Power to Change: Issues for the Innovative Educator* and *Teachers on Individualization: The Way We Do It.*)

Most of the innovative programs of the Fifties and Sixties were developed outside the schools and introduced into the classroom from above. New curricula in math or science were adopted, and teachers were sent to indoctrination workshops where they could master the intricacies of classroom use. New administrative patterns and shiny new instructional technologies were introduced, and teachers were expected to adapt to the demands of progress. It was an age of instant reform. And the ultimate effort to impose change from outside the school was the development of "teacher-proof" curricula that attempted to bypass completely the alleged incompetence of the great majority of teachers.

Some changes resulted from the multiplicity of efforts to innovate over the years; but the record was spotty, and all too often it was the form and rhetoric of change that emerged rather than the substance.

Goodlad and his colleagues have taken a quite different approach. Their effort is not to impose predetermined change on the schools, but to provide a structure within which each school is helped to bring about the changes it wants to effect. In developing this structure, they were guided by three major assumptions:

- The single school, conceived broadly as including staff, students, parents, and facilities, is "the most strategic unit" in which to develop improved schooling.
- The principal should be the key agent for change in his school, because he is the one who creates the climate in which effective change can take place—but in order to perform this role, he must become the cooperative leader of a team rather than the traditional authority figure.
- Some mechanism must be provided to help individual schools define their educational objectives and to offer them support in their efforts to achieve their goals. To meet this need, the League of Cooperating Schools was developed by banding together eighteen schools with similar interests in change.

But the heart of the program focuses on the teacher. In an earlier study of some two hundred sixty elementary classrooms in various parts of the country, Goodlad and his colleagues discovered that in virtually every school there is a nucleus of teachers profoundly concerned with improving the educational process, who are hungry for ideas and eager to learn what is going on around the country. But the individual teacher, or even a small group of teachers, is not able to go it alone. They lack specific support mechanisms to encourage them after the first flush of enthusiasm in exploring new educational approaches has worn off and the bureaucratic pressure of The System has begun to inhibit the impetus for change. Therefore, the single school, with the principal as the key agent for change, becomes the crucial factor in successful innovation. The objective is to provide an environment within which the pervasive desire for improvement can be supported and the natural creativity of a high proportion of the teachers can be released. But this is not a new prescription for instant change. Neither individuals nor institutions alter their behavior or their traditional perspectives overnight. It is a long-term process. Experience indicates that three to five years is a reasonable time within which to expect achievement of productive change in the schools. The evidence indicates, nevertheless, that a supportive environment for those engaged in education reform will pay off handsomely in bringing the realities of the classroom closer to the rhetoric of education.

JAMES CASS
Education Editor

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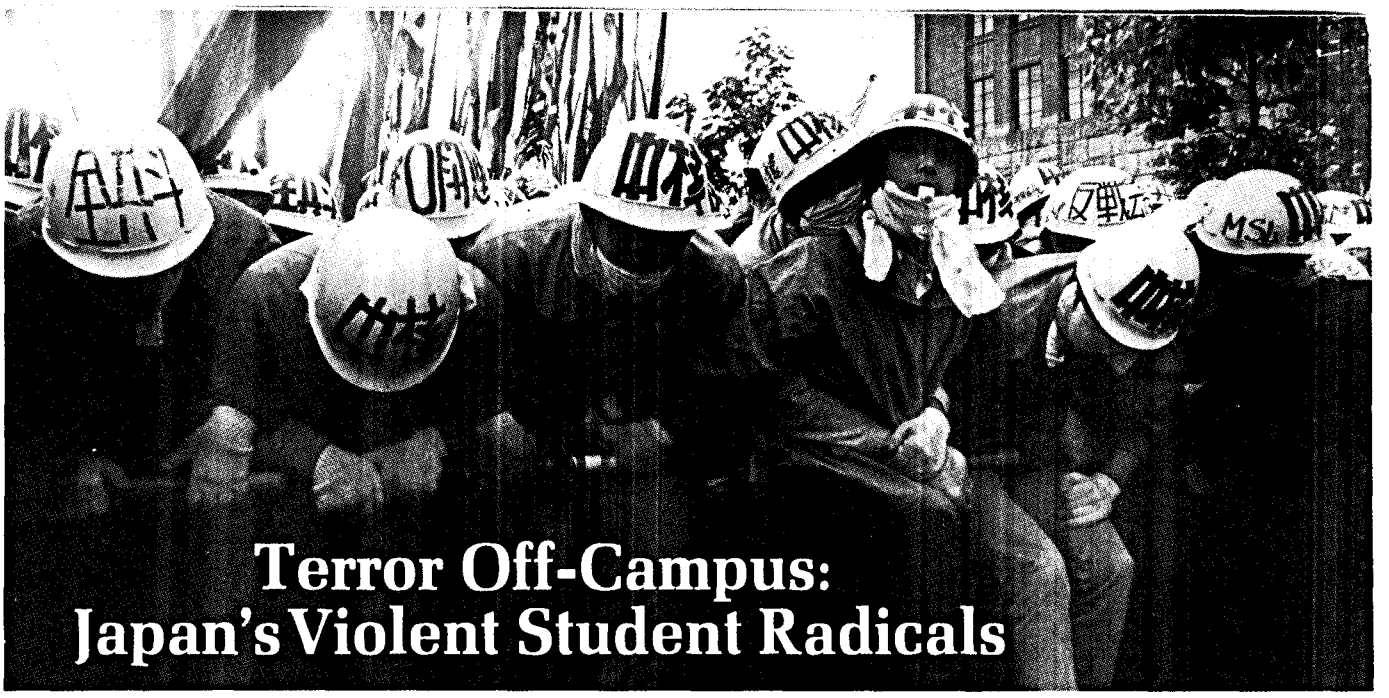

Terror Off-Campus: Japan's Violent Student Radicals

Photoreporters Inc.

by Benjamin C. Duke

Tokyo, Japan

Several months ago two activist students, one of them from the Japanese university where I teach, were murdered on a college campus in downtown Tokyo. The police said that the two victims, members of a radical student group, had been caught spying on a rival student faction and had been bludgeoned to death.

Such murderous violence is a prominent feature of the student-extremist scene in Japan. The outside world caught a glimpse of it several years ago when three Japanese youths cold-bloodedly murdered twenty-six bystanders at Tel Aviv's Lod Airport. This hideous act naturally horrified not only the international community but the Japanese people as well. Until the Tel Aviv slaughter, the extremists had at least confined their brutal activities to Japan. The murder of foreigners in a foreign land was an unprecedented act by ultra-left-wing youthful terrorists.

Before I try to account for this astonishing outburst of student violence in Japan, let me give a few more examples of its extent and virulence. During the past several years, radical youths have committed a series of ruthless murders within Japan. The victims have included policemen, bystanders, students, and even fellow terrorists. When the new Tokyo International Airport was under construction, thousands of students and local farm youths battled with riot police for weeks. At one point, three policemen were killed when their platoon was ambushed during the early morning hours.

Weeks later another policeman was killed and several bystanders seriously injured by Molotov cocktails thrown by rampaging students in the streets of downtown Tokyo. Soon after, the wife of a high police official was instantly killed when she opened a package sent to her home and triggered a powerful bomb, which also severely injured her only son. Within a brief period, other bombs planted in and around police stations injured police and bystanders alike.

Police then launched a nationwide manhunt to track down members of several radical student groups—particularly the Ampo Keihin (Tokyo-Yokohama–Anti-U.S.–Japan Security Treaty Faction), the Sekigunha (Red Army), and the Chukakuha (Core). These three groups were suspected of being behind the acts of terror. At this time, no less than five students were included on the list of Japan's ten most wanted fugitives!

At the height of the nationwide manhunt, in the dead of winter, police cornered a small group of heavily armed radicals who had barricaded themselves in a mountain villa north of Tokyo. The caretaker's wife was held hostage by the young terrorists. Thus began one of the most dramatic episodes in Japan's postwar history. For ten days the fugitives stood off a thousand policemen, who shivered helplessly outside the villa while millions of viewers—myself very much included—watched the deadly real-life drama on television. Finally, in desperation, the police rushed the villa. The young radicals shot to death two attacking policemen and a wandering bystander and were finally captured, uninjured. Their hostage, the caretaker's wife, was rescued unharmed.

Police later found that the siege itself had been only the last chapter in a bizarre saga of youth brutality. The captured fugitives turned out to be a splinter group of dedicated young revolutionaries who had armed themselves by stealing weapons. Under police pressure, the group had fled into the mountains, where internal dissension developed. At kangaroo courts held in lonely mountain huts, the group's two leaders, one of them a girl, had systematically condemned fourteen of their followers, including a pregnant member, and had put them to death by torture and exposure. Police unearthed from lonely mountain graves the bodies of the fourteen, most of whom had been executed for trifling infractions of group revolutionary discipline.

Student terrorism has raged both off and on campus. Disputes among competing radical student organizations have brought death to more than a dozen student victims over the past several years. The most recent events took place on the same day in late January of this year. In two separate clashes between rival factions, two sophomore students from the University of Tokyo were beaten to death in their apartment, and a Yokohama University junior was clubbed to death with steel pipes in the student dining hall.

Why such egregious violence in a nation otherwise notable for its affluence, discipline, and stability?

Benjamin C. Duke is professor of comparative and international education at International Christian University in Tokyo. He is the author of Japan's Militant Teachers: A History of the Left-Wing Teachers' Movement.

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"The very moral and spiritual foundation of pre-war Japan . . . has been substantially altered by reforms set in motion during the American Occupation."

The factors provoking student radicalism are both internal and external. Internally, within the educational system, a fundamental issue is the drastic post-war increase in universities and students. For example, in 1937 Japan had forty-five universities with 73,000 students. By 1974 the number of four-year universities and colleges had reached an all-time high of 398, with 491 two-year colleges. There are 1,529,000 students at four-year institutions and 287,000 in junior colleges; well over 20 percent of Japan's seventeen-to-eighteen-year-olds are college freshmen. Seventy-eight four-year institutions with nearly 650,000 students are located in Tokyo—including Nihon University, which has experienced crippling student turmoil. This mammoth institution has already surpassed the 83,000-student level, that is, more than all university students in 1937. Thirty-three other universities have attained an enrollment of between 10,000 and 43,000 students each.

In all this upsurge the quality of higher education has suffered. It now ranges from excellent among a few universities to mediocre and downright poor among many. Quality control in higher education has been neglected in order to accommodate quantitative demands. This neglect, in turn, has decreased the value of the university degree and has proved an unsettling factor among the student population in general.

SO THERE IS A NEW TYPE of student in the post-war university, one whose secondary-school background is radically different from that of his elite pre-war counterpart. High school students now pass through a three-year mass upper-secondary system, whose student body includes more than 87 percent of the age group. The atmosphere in these schools is entirely different from the rather relaxed pace of the select pre-war secondary schools. Teaching now emphasizes facts and figures. Students must memorize huge quantities of factual information for the highly competitive university entrance examinations. Under these conditions, the development of individuality is perforce sacrificed to the demands of the entrance exam. The typical new-era university freshman, having escaped from a severely regimented high school, arrives at college idealistically expecting to hear stimulating lectures by challenging teachers. He is immediately enrolled in huge general-education courses. General education, however, has never been fully appreciated, nor its purposes adequately understood, ever since it was hastily initiated as compulsory for all students by the American Occupation in order to broaden the narrow curricula of pre-war Japan. The result, too often, is that disillusioned freshmen confront indifferent professors in large auditoriums and get a good dose of lackluster "microphone teaching." Those students, including some of the brightest, have already been embittered by their high school experiences and quickly turn their attention away from the classroom. Many are attracted to the left-wing student movements, which oppose this very system of education and the society that supports it.

It must be understood that college freshmen are not encountering radical political theories and opposition movements for the first time. Indeed, most Japanese public-school teachers belong to the powerful left-wing Japan Teachers Union (Nikkyoso). A small but potent radical minority among the teachers call themselves education laborers (*kyoiku rodosha*). These "laborers" utilize their classrooms for anti-government propaganda and, in certain instances, for Marxist teachings critical of the ruling conservative government and American military bases in Japan.

The quality of teaching is another sore point. Few Japanese professors are stimulating teachers. The average lecturer plods through his notes laboriously, disregarding his listeners. Some academics take pride in their research activities while boasting about their poor teaching ability. Rarely are questions posed by the teacher or by his students. Almost no exchange exists between professor and student in the classroom.

With such internal problems weighing down Japanese education, it is not surprising that the system breeds radicalism, causing many bright and energetic students to lead the left-wing student movement and pit their energies against the system. Until the educational system is thoroughly reformed—a most unlikely event—the radical student movement will gain strength from internal educational deficiencies.

Externally, a great many factors stimulate student radicalism in Japan. First of all, politically, there is the sustained post-war hegemony of the conservative party. To maintain political dominance, the conservatives, committed to capitalism, cater unabashedly to business and agricultural interests that wield enormous sums of money. The government's close ties with the United States—American troops have been based in Japan ever since the end of the Pacific war—invite student opposition. What with Japan's growing military establishment and the government's tacit support of America in Vietnam (the war earned profits for certain Japanese industries), the students have been presented with fertile ground to exploit.

Politically, a student is confronted with these alternatives: the ruling conservative party with its inseparable ties to big industry; the ineffectual Socialist party, which is wracked by internal dissension; or the smaller moderate Communist party, traditionally influenced by the Soviet Union but currently on a rather independent tack. Most local student associations are allied with the Japan Communist party through the Japan Democratic Youth League, known as the Minsei.

Radical students, in contrast to the moderate Minsei, believe they are the only pure revolutionary Marxists and are disillusioned with all political parties. Increasingly, they find themselves isolated on the extreme Left, a circumstance that provokes a sense of nihilism. From this position, they devote their considerable energies not only to fighting the ruling conservative government but also to opposing the so-called revisionist Japan Communist party and its huge student faction, the Minsei.

The radical left-wing student groups are united in their opposition to the Japan Communist party and the international Communist movement under the influence of the Soviet Union. Also, with the entry of Communist China into the United Nations and the rapprochement between China and the United States, Mao Tse-tung has lost much of his former appeal to the radical groups. The strong opposition of these groups to China and the USSR is historically rooted

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in their revulsion from Stalinism, and from the concept of *ikkokushugi*, or "one-nation-ism." They argue that the Soviet Union—witness Stalin's deviation from pure Leninism in his split with Trotsky—emphasizes the development of communism in one country only, the USSR, to the neglect of the true international proletariat movement. The Japan Communist party, they feel, fits into this category.

AN IMPRESSIVE VARIETY of social factors have bearing on the radical student movement. In the rapid industrialization since the war, many of the traditional, stabilizing elements of pre-war Japan have undergone agonizing transformations. New influences are molding the youth. In pre-war Japan, school and family were two major forces shaping Japanese youth into traditional patterns. Teachers and parents played a decisive role in determining the child's behavior.

In contemporary Japanese society many parents have simply lost confidence in their ability to set moral examples for their children. They want the school to inculcate proper morals, in line with its traditional pre-war role.

Similarly, the very moral and spiritual foundation of pre-war Japan—a combination of Confucian, Shinto, Buddhist, and emperor-worship principles—has been substantially altered by reforms set in motion during the American Occupation. The Americans endeavored to eradicate pre-war distortions in Japanese society but left few tangibles behind, except a vague notion of democracy, defined in American terms. Whereas Christianity traditionally has provided the moral basis for American democracy, post-war Japanese secular society finds itself without a guiding philosophical or religious basis. Compared with pre-war "Nippon," whose goals and purposes were uniformly delineated from the emperor downward, post-war Japan is, in effect, a rudderless ship propelled by its tremendous economic thrust. Student unrest reflects the spiritual emptiness of this intensely industrialized society.

FINALLY, THERE IS a most delicate issue: the state of mind of the Japanese student. The social and institutional factors sketched out above would probably not by themselves have brought on the wave of student violence and terror. We must also take into account the unique subtleties of the Japanese mind—more specifically, what might be called the "samurai life-style." The influence on contemporary Japanese society of the life-style of the warrior class—the famous samurai, who flourished in the feudal period, from the 1200s to the mid-1800s—makes a fascinating study.

Perhaps the most important samurai characteristic is loyalty. The samurai and his fellows in feudal Japanese society were devoted above all to their immediate master. This group cohesiveness as a way of life is carried over into all kinds of organized activity within modern Japan, including the student movement. When joining an organization, one must show total commitment, similar to that of the samurai. Leaving the group is the ultimate disloyalty. Out of this commitment comes a dogmatism in which the end justifies the means, including murder.

The student movement thus thrives on, and exploits, the samurai life-style. The student who joins one of the various factions submits himself totally to the movement. He is thrilled to find himself at the heart of a committed, idealistic movement. His complete loyalty is expected, and in return he can expect to enjoy the anonymity of the group, deriving comfort from the knowledge that fellow members are participating in a collective commitment. In a sense he is liberated from his lack of self-confidence while he acquires a sense of stability, fulfillment, and a reason for existence.

Intertwined in the life-style of the samurai were such virtues as purity, sincerity, and simplicity—attributes that many student activists celebrate in their daily lives. Indeed, these very characteristics attract new student recruits who long for traditional purity and austerity while trapped in a post-war society gone mad over material pursuits. The shocking suicide and beheading in late 1970 of Japan's most famous modern author, Yukio Mishima, personified what Mishima considered the highest ideals of the neo-samurai protest against the decadence of modern Japan.

Finally, samurai behavior was pivoted on unhesitating obedience to the feudal lord. Critics of the student movement attack the unswerving obedience of its rank and file as blind, samurai-like obedience. But when a student joins a radical faction and accepts the movement's goals as his own, he is also accepting the group's tactics as his own. Accordingly, he sees nothing anomalous or unworthy about following the orders of the leaders. In the infamous case of the ultra-radicals who executed fourteen of their own members, the obedience of the individual was put to the test when two brothers participated in the murder of their older brother and a married female radical with babe in arms dutifully witnessed the execution of her husband. Following orders is simply a fundamental part of the activist's responsibility in the radical student movement, an important factor perpetuating violence in modern affluent Japan.

Considering these external factors operating within Japanese society and the stimulants emanating from within the school system itself, one overwhelming conclusion can ultimately be drawn: The radical Japanese student movement is based on a very broad and real foundation. Consequently, regardless of Japan's anticipated high levels of economic and industrial growth during the Seventies, the continuation of student terrorism seems predictable. □

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Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 45): voles, loves, solve.

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Colleges in Search of Freshmen

by Fred M. Hechinger

For almost two decades, getting into college was the Great American Trauma. Waiting for The Letter—the thick announcement of acceptance or the skinny notice of rejection—had come to fit the Constitution's definition of cruel and unusual punishment. Now there suddenly is a new kind of trauma—the colleges' increasingly desperate fear that there will not be enough students to fill the available freshman places. Last September there were over one-half million vacancies, each of them representing a small puddle of red ink in the ledgers.

Many high school seniors in the process of selecting their colleges this year were getting a new kind of letter, even before they had applied and, in some instances, from colleges about which they knew nothing. These letters sounded strangely like "invitations" by enterprising resort hotels to potential vacationers. They were dignified. They made it clear that the particular campus caters only to a select clientele. The appeal was, in most instances, low-key and soft-sell. But the letters did suggest strongly that an application now—sometimes even a collect telephone call—might not be amiss. Several young men and women of our acquaintance received a dozen or more such invitations.

The simple fact is that many colleges which only a few years ago had been sandbagging their admissions offices against an unmanageable flood are now drumming up trade. I was startled to find among the soliciting institutions a major midwestern state university whose president six years ago acknowledged that he had indeed introduced a limited quota for New York applicants.

One "Dear Student" letter from the dean of admissions at a reputable institution in Texas begins typically:

> Congratulations on being a National Merit semifinalist! Few high school seniors achieve this honor. During the year you will be making plans for your college career. We hope you will consider ——— University with its strong academic program and scholarship possibilities. . . . We are also enclosing a card for your convenience in requesting further information and application papers. . . .

"——— College," said another communication from a fully accredited institution in Florida, "is not for every student. We wouldn't want it to be. But it may be right for you. Who are we looking for? . . ." (Whom they are not looking for, it appears, are students who are sticklers for grammatical perfection.)

A personalized letter from a reputable small college in the Middle West said:

> There will be hard decisions. Because of your recognition by the Merit Corporation, you will probably receive more information than you want and will probably find a lot of that information hard to use. ——— College has printed a special tabloid catalog. . . . But it might just be right for you. . . .

One leading midwestern state university even follows up its unsolicited invitations to students with separate "Dear Parents" letters.

What has caused the sudden change that is transforming the students' position from one of eager supplication to sought-after patronization? The most important factor is overexpansion.

Two prosperous and optimistic decades created an atmosphere of limitless growth—not only in academia but also in the nation as a whole. Most expert opinions supported such expansive forecasts; the few Cassandras who warned that neither the economy nor the population statistics justified such excess of confidence were generally ignored.

The fall of 1973 was the turning point. Although overall enrollments in higher education had continued to increase, the rate of growth was less than half of the projected annual gain of 8 percent. Moreover, most of the growth was in the public two-year community colleges. The private four-year institutions experienced their first actual decline—an admittedly small drop of 0.1 percent—in three decades. Worse, the handwriting of long-term trends was unmistakable: The nation's elementary school enrollment was down by 1.7 percent.

Less tangible factors contributed both to the actual loss of students and to the somber mood among college administrators. For many high school graduates, the end of the draft eliminated the necessity of seeking the safety of a college campus. Inflation and the threat of recession were straining the capacity of some middle-class families to send all their children to college, particularly to high-cost institutions.

Financial pressure has threatened the admissions practices of even the high-prestige institutions with a fallout of the new malaise. It would be misleading to suggest that colleges of the Ivy League level of fame and desirability have been reduced to desperate recruiting. These colleges—and there are perhaps some fifty or sixty out of the nation's 2500 in that category—still have more applicants than they can admit.

But these institutions, too, have quietly changed their appeal. More of their subtle salesmanship is directed at the sons and daughters of alumni, in an understandable effort to bolster their endowments and budgets for an uncertain future. In some instances these recently so proud and occasionally haughty admissions offices have even begun to encourage the tutoring of alumni children during their high school years in order to make sure that they will meet the still formidable requirements.

"If students play their cards right, they have a better chance than their predecessors of picking the right school."

Regrettably, the fiscal pressure on the colleges to play a more cautious hand appears to coincide with a growing tendency among students to plan a more conservative career, both academic and professional. A bright freshman girl at an Ivy League university complained that almost 80 percent of her class consisted of pre-law and pre-med students and that all work and no play tended to make these aspiring counselors and doctors pretty dull company.

After years of what seemed at times an unreasonable and almost inhuman competition, with students living in fear of not "getting in," the current shift of the student to the buyer's market could be a welcome antidote to the hysteria. When the colleges were so firmly in the driver's seat, the selection was up to the dean of admissions; students as beg-

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Fred M. Hechinger, a member of the editorial board of The New York Times *and formerly that newspaper's education editor, served on the College Board's Commission on Tests.*

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gars could not be choosers.

In fact, in 1970 the Commission on Tests, an independent body appointed by the College Entrance Examination Board, issued an urgent appeal for a new system that would expose the colleges to more of the kind of critical analysis to which the college admissions office traditionally subjects applicants.

Might the new "Won't you look us over?" letter that has surfaced in so many mailboxes this year signal an opportunity for a new beginning?

Many observers are not quite so optimistic. Are the letters, whose odd similarity of style and substance suggests the fine hand of the publicist rather than the academic expert, intended to tell the student more about what the campus is really like? Or is this form of recruiting merely an adaptation of commercial sales techniques to an academic crisis of vacancies? Will the new situation lead to greater institutional introspection or to increased reliance on hucksterism and competitive bidding?

David R. Treadwill, Jr., director of admissions at Ohio Wesleyan, in an essay in *The Chronicle of Higher Education*, observed with evident distaste that "today's admissions officer is frequently referred to as the 'salesman of the university.' His job is to sell, to fill the class."

This is not to suggest that many colleges are deliberately trying to deceive. They simply are not rushing to volunteer an excessive amount of self-critical information. But if students today play their cards right, they have a better chance than their predecessors of picking the right school.

Under these radically changed circumstances, it pays more than ever before to seek out the facts about what seem desirable campuses—by reading the best available college guides, by comparing notes with friends and neighbors, by visiting campuses and attending "college information" (recruiting) teas and asking hard questions, and by aiming self-confidently higher than might have been wise two years ago.

If in the course of this welcome relaxation of tensions, the unsolicited letters and the new brochures do not offer much enlightenment, they should, at least, boost many a fragile ego.

One parting word of advice to today's and tomorrow's high school seniors: Your predecessors used to worry about everything they wanted to know about the colleges but didn't dare to ask. Such caution is obsolete. Ask! □

High School Report: Call for Reform

No major study of secondary education has appeared since James Bryant Conant wrote *The American High School Today* in 1959. Higher education has been analyzed, described, and prescribed in great detail and volume (by Clark Kerr's Carnegie Commission and Frank Newman's Task Force, among others), but the nation's high schools generally have been left alone. Now a new entry, *The Reform of Secondary Education*, financed by the Institute for Development of Educational Activities (IDEA), an affiliate of the Charles F. Kettering Foundation, tries to fill the gap.

The report was prepared by a twenty-one-member commission, ranging from Samuel Baskin, president, Union for Experimenting Colleges and Universities, to Claudia Schedley, president of the Ohio chapter of Vocational Industrial Clubs of America; IDEA's B. Frank Brown was chairman. Unfortunately, the report is little more than a collection of contemporary wisdom on the subject with a series of thirty-two frequently vague recommendations for reform.

The text is full of what by now are almost banalities: "Our large city school systems are on the verge of complete collapse." "The coercion of compulsory school attendance is no longer working." And, "During the last five years, crime has become part of the normal experience in many high schools." The commission seems hung up on crime; it wrote an entire chapter on "The Crisis in School Security," with a three-page section on "The Schools' Rest Rooms."

The commission's first recommendation, at least, is intriguing. It is called "Defining Secondary School Expectations" and recommends that "every secondary school and its subordinate departments must formulate a statement of goals and develop performance criteria for students. Goals and objectives should be published in information bulletins for students and parents and be posted in a conspicuous place within the school building." Since most school boards in the United States can't agree on goals other than such generalities as the endowment of "critical thinking" or "human education," it might be interesting to see what each individual high school could produce. The concept of definition—and therefore accountability—is fundamental, however, and worth a try.

Major recommendations call for reducing compulsory attendance to age fourteen (it is now sixteen in most states), while extending free public education two years past high school. Others propose ending bias in textbooks and in counseling—hardly novel ideas. One of the vaguer recommendations is in favor of "an enhanced sense of the globe as the human environment."

The problem with the commission's report is that it offers little insight into the nature, problems, or aspirations of U.S. high schools today. It does not provide enough in the way of research, documentation—or new ideas. There is still plenty of room for a major study of the reform of secondary education.

PETER A. JANSSEN

"Say, aren't you J. L. Higgleby, my stockbroker?"

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Double-Crostic No. 46

by Thomas H. Middleton

1 T		2 D	3 S	4 A	5 B	6 H		7 C	8 Z²		9 D	10 K	11 U	12 L	13 N	14 J	15 Y			
	16 Y	17 Q		18 F	19 Q	20 B	21 N	22 C	23 U	24 Y		25 K	26 W	27 P		28 L	29 Q			
30 K	31 N	32 E	33 O	34 A	35 I	36 S	37 R	38 X	39 U		40 T	41 J		42 X	43 E	44 L	45 H			
46 C		47 B	48 Q	49 E	50 I	51 Z¹	52 P		53 Z¹		54 O	55 B	56 D	57 H	58 I	59 L				
60 S	61 K	62 V	63 L	64 O	65 R		66 E	67 H	68 T	69 U	70 I	71 X		72 S	73 N	74 I	75 D			
	76 X	77 F		78 Y	79 I	80 M		81 F	82 E	83 K	84 Q		85 K	86 Z²	87 F	88 I				
89 U	90 L	91 N	92 K		93 V	94 B		95 Z¹	96 F		97 W	98 Z¹	99 Q	100 M	101 J		102 I			
103 Z²	104 O		105 Z	106 A	107 G	108 D	109 Y	110 N	111 X	112 Q	113 B	114 K		115 B	116 F	117 Y				
118 H	119 V		120 L	121 G	122 T	123 O		124 T	125 Q	126 Z²	127 U	128 D	129 P	130 I	131 F		132 R			
133 O	134 L	135 K	136 Z		137 J	138 V		139 A	140 N	141 Z	142 I	143 C	144 F	145 J		146 U	147 E			
148 D	149 Y	150 Z	151 L	152 R		153 J	154 U	155 F		156 E	157 Z²	158 A		159 G	160 N	161 M	162 Z¹			
	163 Z	164 C	165 S	166 R		167 T	168 W	169 L	170 D	171 M	172 J	173 G		174 J	175 F	176 Z¹				
177 R		178 Z²	179 H	180 I	181 Q	182 O	183 W	184 U		185 C	186 E	187 D	188 Y	189 M	190 H	191 N	192 Q			
193 X		194 Z	195 G	196 B		197 L	198 K	199 I	200 S		201 V	202 H	203 E		204 T		205 N			
206 R	207 Z	208 C	209 D		210 O	211 L	212 T	213 P	214 H	215 Q	216 E	217 I	218 K	219 S	220 G					

INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES

A. Bring forth; generate

B. Chinese painter of the T'ang dynasty, d. 673 (wd. & comp.)

C. File

D. Pathological condition characterized by a frequent need for deep sleep

E. Skins; shafts; takes (2 wds.)

F. Fabaceous tree, *Cladrastis lutea*

G. Stew of meat and vegetables (2 wds.)

H. Detestable

I. African ruminant standing only twelve inches high at the shoulder (2 wds.)

J. Country-music star, leader of the Smoky Mountain Boys (full name)

K. Briefly; to make a long story short (3 wds.)

L. Scientific study of seals or signet rings

M. "Maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are ____," says Rosalind (*As You Like It*)

WORDS

4 34 106 139 158

196 5 20 47 55 94 113 115

143 164 185 208 7 22 46

56 108 128 148 187 2 9 170 209 75

82 147 156 186 203 32 49 66 216 43

77 87 131 144 175 18 81 96 116 155

159 195 220 107 121 173

179 118 190 202 214 6 45 57 67

70 79 88 130 142 199 217 35 50 74 102

180 58

101 137 145 153 172 14 41 174

218 10 25 30 61 85 114 198 92 135 83

120 211 44 59 134 63 90 151 197 12 28 169

80 100 161 171 189

CLUES

N. Prayer; solemn entreaty

O. Former Brooklyn pitcher, Rookie of the Year, 1949

P. Gives visible assent

Q. The act of peeling off from the surface in scales or laminae

R. Large inlet of the Antarctic Ocean south of New Zealand (2 wds.)

S. Live temporarily

T. Ancient Greek and Roman large two-handled storage jars

U. Lacking courage

V. Chaplain of "The Fighting 69th"

W. Furnished or imparted

X. Blunt; dull; stupid

Y. Crushes; stamps out

Z. Accept willingly

Z¹. To a certain extent

Z². Characteristic specimen

WORDS

191 21 91 140 205 160 31 110 13 73

104 123 54 133 210 33 182 64

129 213 27 52

99 125 17 29 84 112 181 215 19 48 192

206 37 65 132 152 166 177

219 3 60 72 36 165 200

204 122 212 68 40 167 1 124

154 184 23 11 69 89 127 146 39

62 93 138 201 119

183 168 26 97

42 76 111 38 71 193

15 109 16 117 149 78 188 24

136 163 194 141 207 105 150

51 53 95 98 162 176

8 103 157 126 178 86

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 45* appears on page 31.

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Light Refractions

by Thomas H. Middleton

What's What

A recently appearing locution seems to have fixed itself in the spoken language as a result of its frequent use by radio-television commentators and, especially, sports broadcasters," writes Mr. Sanford Cobb of Southbury, Connecticut. "It involves the omission of 'is (or are) concerned' in conjunction with 'as far as.'

"Examples: 'As far as Alabama, they won't do much scoring unless they get the jump on Notre Dame's front four,' or 'As far as heating oil, it has a higher priority than gasoline.'

"It may be that economy of words will give it a firm place in the spoken language, but as far as I, it grates on the ear."

I think the "as far as" phenomenon comes from a little short circuit involving "as for" and "as far as — is concerned." Thus, "as for Alabama" becomes "as far as Alabama."

Somehow, Mr. Cobb's comments reminded me of another usage I've noticed over the years. It's a further extension of "What it is is," as in "What it is is a rip-off of the American people." This further extension leads to absurdity. It makes the subject of the sentence not simply "what it is," but "what it is is," so that you frequently hear "What it *is* is is a rip-off," or even "What it *is* is *it's* a rip-off."

I first noticed "what it *is* is is" about twenty years ago. It was said by the same girl who said *parry* for *probably*, thus leading in the distortion derby over *prolly*, but losing to the winner, *pry*.

What it is is is is is possible to carry those *is*'s to intolerable lengths, but what "what it is is is" did to me was to focus my attention on *what*.

What is something we usually take for granted, but it's a remarkable word. Henry Fowler, in *Modern English Usage*, gives almost three pages to *what*—more space than he devotes to his famous discussion of the split infinitive. And the *Oxford English Dictionary* has almost five enormous pages—close to fifteen thousand words—on *what*.

What and I had an unpleasant time of it during my childhood. Like many of us I was told never to respond with "What?"

"Tommy?" "What?" was to be replaced by "Tommy?" "Yes, Sir?" or "Tommy?" "Yes, Ma'am?" or, to my peers, "Tommy?" "Yes?"

"What?" meaning "What did you say?" was another no-no. Instead of "What?" I was told to say, "I beg your pardon?" I never understood why I should beg the pardon of someone if *he* was mumbling.

If I'd been a terribly bright child, I might have gone to the public library and looked up *what* in the *Oxford English Dictionary*. My unacceptable "What?" was considered by the OED to be "ellipsis, esp. of the remainder of the question; hence (*colloq.*) short for 'What did you say?' or 'What is it?' "

That "(*colloq.*)," I suppose, was what was wrong with "What?"

Since that negative childhood experience, I've grown fond of *what*. As I said, we take it for granted, but it's an extraordinary word. That, of course, is why Fowler pays it so much attention. In discussing "*What* singular and *what* plural" ("*We have been invited to abandon what* seems *to us to be the most valuable parts of our Constitution*" [read *seem;* abandon the parts of our Constitution that seem]), he makes a typically level-headed statement: "It will be observed that there is . . . room for difference of opinion . . . but if it is realized that there are problems of number after *what*, and that solutions of them are possible, that is sufficient."

Later, he says, "A want of faith either in the staying power of *what* (which has a good second wind and can do the two laps without turning a hair) or in the reader's possession of common sense has led to this thrusting in of *which* as a sort of relay . . . nothing can represent *what*—except indeed *what.*"

If you've been taking *what* for granted —as who hasn't?—open your *Modern English Usage* and pay some heed.

A few months ago we were talking about the possibility of the Gullah word *enty?* as an American *n'est-ce pas?* I received dozens of letters suggesting alternatives, among them *right? enna? enso?* and others, but no one mentioned *what?* which we all remember from the Sherlock Holmes movies. Nigel Bruce, as Dr. Watson, was the master of that particular *what?*: "I say, Holmes, frightful place, what?" or, in moments of great agitation, "What-what-what?"

What more can I say? More *what* in the next *Light Refractions*. □

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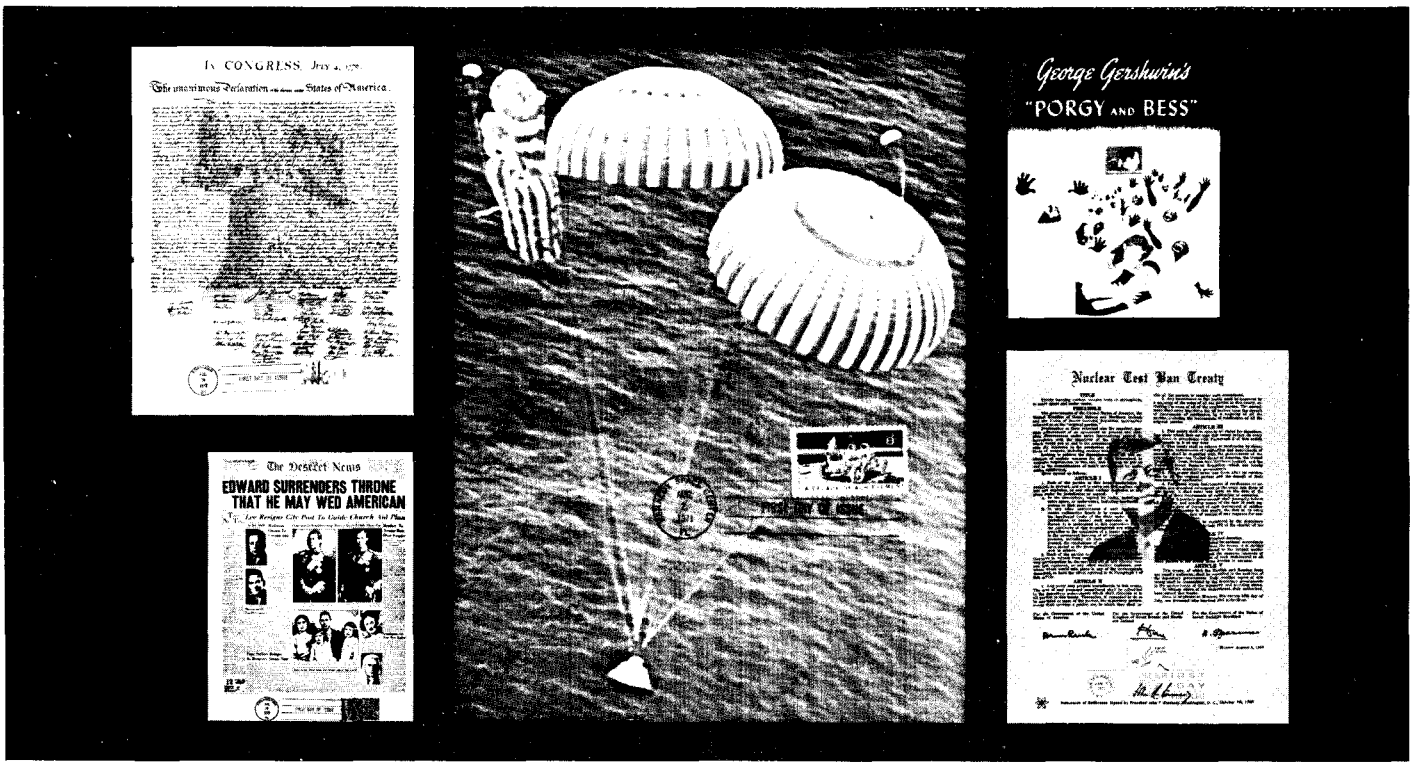

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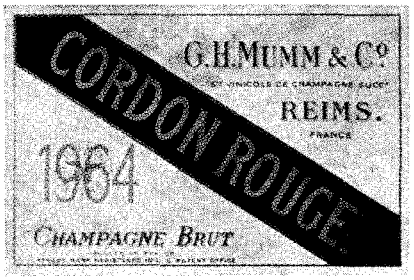

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